

ADVENTURES

OF

CALEB WILLIAMS.



THINGS AS THEY ARE;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES

OF

CALEB WILLIAMS.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Amidst the woods the leopard knows his kind;
The tyger preys not on the tyger brood;
Man only is the common foe of man.*

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THINGS AS THEY ARE



CALLER WILLIAMS

BY WILLIAM GOODWIN

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THE
ADVENTURES
OF
CALEB WILLIAMS.

CHAP. I.

MY life has for several years been a theatre of calamity. I have been a mark for the vigilance of tyranny, and I could not escape. My fairest prospects have been blasted. My enemy has shown himself inaccessible to intreaties and untired in persecution. My fame, as well as my happiness, has become his victim. Every

VOL. I.

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one;

one, as far as my story has been known, has refused to assist me in my distress, and has execrated my name. I have not deserved this treatment. My own conscience witnesses in behalf of that innocence my pretensions to which are regarded in the world as incredible. There is now however little hope that I shall escape from the toils that universally beset me. I am incited to the penning of these memoirs, only by a desire to divert my mind from the deplorableness of my situation, and a faint idea that posterity may by their means be induced to render me a justice which my contemporaries refuse. My story will at least appear to have that consistency, which is seldom attendant but upon truth.

I was born of humble parents in a remote county of England. Their occupations were such as usually fall to the lot of peasants, and they had no portion to give me but an education free from the usual

usual sources of depravity, and the inheritance, long since lost by their unfortunate progeny ! of an honest fame. I was taught the rudiments of no science, except reading, writing and arithmetic. But I had an inquisitive mind, and neglected no means of information from conversation or books. My improvement was greater than my condition in life afforded room to expect.

Our residence was within the manor of Ferdinando Falkland, a country squire of considerable opulence. At an early age I attracted the favourable notice of Mr. Collins, this gentleman's steward, who used to call in occasionally at my father's. He observed the particulars of my progress with approbation, and made a favourable report to his master of my industry and genius.

In the summer of the year Mr.
Falkland visited his estate in our county
after an absence of several months. This

was a period of misfortune to me. I was then eighteen years of age. My father lay dead in our cottage. I had lost my mother some years before. In this forlorn situation I was surprised with a message from the squire, ordering me to repair to the mansion-house the morning after my father's funeral.

Though I was not a stranger to books, I had no practical acquaintance with men. I had never had occasion to address a person of this elevated rank, and I felt no small uneasiness and awe on the present occasion. I found Mr. Falkland a man of small stature, with an extreme delicacy of form and appearance. In place of the hard-favoured and inflexible visages I had been accustomed to observe, every muscle and petty line of his countenance seemed to be in an inconceivable degree pregnant with meaning. His manner was kind, attentive and humane. His eye was full of animation, but there
was

was a grave and sad solemnity in his air, which for want of experience I imagined was the inheritance of the great, and the instrument by which the distance between them and their inferiors was maintained. His look bespoke the unquietness of his mind, and frequently wandered with an expression of disconsolateness and anxiety.

My reception was as gracious and encouraging as I could possibly desire. Mr. Falkland questioned me respecting my learning, and my conceptions of men and things, and listened to my answers with condescension and approbation. This kindness soon restored to me a considerable part of my self-possession, though I still felt restrained by the graceful, but unaltered dignity of his carriage. I have already said that I was not unacquainted with books. I had not failed to derive advantage from the opportunities which offered themselves, and some of those

opportunities were of very fortunate occurrence. But it is not my purpose to draw out this narrative by unnecessary detail; I leave the reader to collect what my acquisitions had been from the incidents which followed. When Mr. Falkland had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity, he proceeded to inform me that he was in want of a secretary, that I appeared to him sufficiently qualified for that office, and that, if in my present change of situation occasioned by the death of my father I approved of the employment, he would take me into his family.

I felt highly flattered by the proposal, and was warm in the expression of my acknowledgements. I set eagerly about the disposal of the little property my father had left, in which I was assisted by Mr. Collins. I had not now a relation, upon whose kindness and interposition I had any direct claim, in the world. But,
far

far from regarding this deserted situation with terror, I formed golden visions of the station I was about to occupy. I little suspected that the gaiety and lightness of heart I had hitherto enjoyed were upon the point of leaving me for ever, and that the rest of my days were devoted to misery and alarm.

My employment was easy and agreeable. It consisted partly of the transcribing and arranging certain papers, and partly of writing from my master's dictation letters of business, as well as sketches of literary composition. Many of these latter consisted of an analytical survey of the plans of different authors, and conjectural speculations upon hints they afforded, tending either to the detection of their errors or the carrying forward their discoveries. All of them bore powerful marks of a profound and elegant understanding, well stored with literature,

terature, and possessed of an uncommon share of activity and discrimination.

My station was in that part of the house which was appropriated for the reception of books, it being my duty to perform the functions of librarian as well as secretary. Here my hours would have glided in tranquillity and peace, had not my situation included in it circumstances totally different from those which attended me in my father's cottage. In early life my mind had been almost wholly engrossed by reading and reflexion. My intercourses with my fellow mortals were occasional and short. But in my new residence I was excited by every motive of interest and curiosity to study my master's character, and I found in it an ample field for speculation and conjecture.

His mode of living was in the utmost degree recluse and solitary. He had no inclination

inclination to scenes of revelry and mirth. He avoided the busy haunts of men ; nor did he seem desirous to compensate for this privation by the confidence of friendship. He appeared a total stranger to every thing which usually bears the appellation of pleasure. His features were scarcely ever relaxed into a smile, nor did that air which bespoke the unhappiness of his mind, at any time forsake them. Yet his manners were by no means such as denoted moroseness and misanthropy. He was compassionate and considerate for others, though the stateliness of his carriage and the reserve of his temper were at no time interrupted. His appearance and general behaviour might have strongly interested all persons in his favour ; but the coldness of his address and the impenetrableness of his sentiments seemed to forbid those demonstrations of kindness to which one might otherwise have been prompted.

Such was the general appearance of Mr. Falkland; but his temper was extremely unequal. The distemper which afflicted him with incessant gloom, had its paroxysms. Sometimes he was hasty, peevish and tyrannical; but this proceeded rather from the torment of his mind than an unfeeling disposition, and, when reflexion recurred, he appeared willing that the weight of his misfortune should fall wholly upon himself. Sometimes he entirely lost his self-possession, and his behaviour was changed into ~~frenzy~~ *fr*zy. He would strike his forehead, his brows became knit, his features distorted, and his teeth ground one against the other. When he felt the approach of these symptoms, he would suddenly rise, and, leaving the occupation whatever it was in which he was engaged, hasten into a solitude upon which no person dared to intrude.

It must not be supposed that the whole
of

of what I am describing was visible to the persons about him; nor indeed was I acquainted with it in the extent here stated, but after a considerable time, and in gradual succession. With respect to the domestics in general, they saw but little of their master. None of them, except myself from the nature of my functions, and Mr. Collins from the antiquity of his service and the respectableness of his character, approached Mr. Falkland, but at stated seasons and for a very short interval. They knew him only by the benevolence of his actions and the principles of inflexible integrity by which he was ordinarily guided; and, though they would sometimes indulge their conjectures respecting his singularities, regarded him upon the whole with veneration as a being of a superior order.

One day when I had been about three months in the service of my patron, I went into a closet or small apartment

which was separated from the library by a narrow gallery that was lighted by a small window near the roof. I had conceived that there was no person in the room, and went only to put any thing in order that I might find out of its place. As I opened the door, I heard at the same instant a deep groan expressive of intolerable anguish. The sound of the door in opening seemed to alarm the person within; I heard the lid of a chest hastily shut, and the noise as of fastening a lock. I immediately conceived that Mr. Falkland was there, and was going hastily to retire; but at that moment a voice that seemed supernaturally tremendous exclaimed, Who is there? The voice was Mr. Falkland's. The sound of it thrilled my very vitals. I endeavoured to answer, but my speech failed, and being incapable of any other reply, I instinctively advanced within the door into the room. Mr. Falkland was just risen from
the

the floor upon which he had been sitting or kneeling. His countenance betrayed strong symptoms of confusion. With a violent effort however these symptoms suddenly vanished, and instantaneously gave place to a countenance sparkling with rage. Villain, cried he, what has brought you here? I hesitated a confused and irresolute answer. Wretch, interrupted Mr. Falkland with uncontrollable impatience, you want to ruin me. You set yourself as a spy upon my actions. But bitterly shall you repent your insolence. Do you think you shall watch my privacies with impunity? I attempted to defend myself. Begone, devil! rejoined he. Quit the room, or I will trample you into atoms. Saying this, he advanced towards me. But I was already sufficiently terrified, and vanished in a moment. I heard the door shut after me with violence, and thus ended this extraordinary scene.

I saw him again in the evening, and he was then tolerably composed. His behaviour, which was always kind, was now doubly attentive and soothing. He seemed to have something of which he wished to disburthen his mind, but to want words in which to convey it. I looked at him with anxiety and affection. He made two unsuccessful efforts, shook his head, and then, putting five guineas into my hand, pressed it in a manner that I could feel proceeded from a mind pregnant with various emotions, though I could not interpret them. Having done this, he seemed immediately to recollect himself, and to take refuge in the usual distance and solemnity of his manner.

I easily understood that secrecy was one of the things expected from me, and indeed my mind was too much disposed to meditate upon what I had heard and seen, to make it a topic of indiscriminate communication. Mr. Collins however and myself

myself happened to sup together that evening, which was but seldom the case, his avocations obliging him to be much abroad. He could not help observing an uncommon dejection and anxiety in my countenance, and affectionately enquired into the reason. I endeavoured to evade his questions, but my youth and ignorance of the world gave me but little advantage for that purpose. Beside this, I had been accustomed to view Mr. Collins with considerable attachment, and I conceived from the nature of his situation that there could be but small impropriety in making him my confidant in the present instance. I repeated to him minutely every thing that had passed, and concluded with a solemn declaration that, though treated with caprice, I was not anxious for myself: no inconvenience or danger to myself should ever lead me to a pusillanimous behaviour; and I felt only for my master, who, with every ad-

vantage for happiness, and being in the highest degree worthy of it, seemed fated to undergo unmerited distress.

In answer to my communication Mr. Collins informed me that some incidents of a nature similar to that which I related had fallen under his own knowledge, and that from the whole he could not help concluding that our unfortunate patron was at times disordered in his intellects. Alas, continued he, it was not always thus! Ferdinando Falkland was once the gayest of the gay. Not indeed of that frothy sort, who excite contempt instead of admiration, and whose levity argues thoughtlessness rather than felicity. His gaiety was always accompanied with dignity. It was the gaiety of the hero and the scholar. It was chastened with reflexion and sensibility, and never lost sight either of good taste or humanity. Such as it was however, it denoted a genuine hilarity of heart, gave

an inconceivable brilliancy to his company and conversation, and rendered him the perpetual delight of the diversified circles he then willingly frequented. You see nothing of him, my dear Williams, but the ruin of that Falkland, who was courted by sages, and adored by the fair. His youth, distinguished in its outset by the most generous promise, is tarnished. His sensibility is shrunk up and withered by events the most disgustful to his feelings. His mind was fraught with all the rhapsodies of visionary honour; and in his sense nothing but the grosser part, the mere shell of Falkland, was capable to survive the wound that his pride has sustained.

These reflexions of my friend Collins strongly tended to inflame my curiosity, and I requested him to enter into a more copious explanation. With this request he readily complied; as conceiving that, whatever delicacy it became him to exercise

ercise in ordinary cases, it would be out of place in my situation, and thinking it not improbable that Mr. Falkland, but for the disturbance and inflammation of his mind, would be disposed to a similar communication. I shall join to Mr. Collins's story various information which I afterwards received from other quarters, that I may give all possible perspicuity to the series of events. To the reader it may appear at first sight as if this detail of the preceding life of Mr. Falkland were foreign to my history. Alas, I know from bitter experience that it is otherwise. My heart bleeds at the recollection of his misfortunes as if they were my own. How can it fail to do so? To his story the whole fortune of my life was linked; because he was miserable, my happiness, my name, and my existence have been irretrievably blasted.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

AMONG the favourite authors of his early years were the heroic poets of Italy. From them he imbibed the love of chivalry and romance. He had too much good sense to regret the times of Charlemagne and Arthur. But, while his imagination was purged by a certain infusion of philosophy, he conceived that there was in the manners depicted by these celebrated poets, something to imitate, as well as something to avoid. He believed that nothing was so well calculated to make men delicate, gallant and humane, as a temper perpetually alive to the sentiments of birth and honour. The opinions he entertained upon these topics were illustrated in his conduct, which was assiduously conformed to the model of heroism that his fancy suggested.

With

With these sentiments he set out upon his travels at the age at which the grand tour is usually made, and they were rather confirmed than shaken by the adventures that befel him. By inclination he was led to make his longest stay in Italy, and here he fell into company with several young noblemen whose studies and principles were congenial to his own. By them he was assiduously courted and treated with the most distinguished applause. They were delighted to meet with a foreigner who had imbibed all the peculiarities of the most liberal and honourable among themselves. Nor was he less favoured and admired by the softer sex. Though his stature were small, his person had an air of uncommon dignity. His dignity was then heightened by certain additions which were afterwards obliterated, an expression of frankness, ingenuity and unreserve, and a spirit of the most ardent enthusiasm.

fiasm. Perhaps no Englishman was ever in an equal degree idolised by the inhabitants of Italy.

It was not possible for him to have drank so deeply of the fountain of chivalry without being engaged occasionally in affairs of honour, all of which were terminated in a manner that would not have disgraced the chevalier Bayard himself. In Italy the young men of rank divide themselves into two classes, those who adhere to the pure principles of ancient gallantry, and those who, being actuated by the same acute sense of injury and insult, accustom themselves to the employment of hired bravoos as their instruments of vengeance. The whole difference indeed consists in the precarious application of a generally received distinction. The most generous Italian still conceives that there are certain persons whom it would be contamination to call into the open field. He nevertheless believes

lieves that an indignity cannot be expiated but with blood, and is persuaded that the life of a fellow creature is a very trifling consideration in comparison with the indemnification to be made to his injured honour. There is therefore scarcely any Italian that would upon some occasions scruple assassination. Men of spirit among them, notwithstanding the prejudices of their education, cannot fail to have a secret conviction of its baseness, and will be desirous of extending as far as possible the cartel of honour. Real or affected arrogance teaches others to regard almost the whole human species as their inferiors, and of consequence incites them to gratify their vengeance without danger to their persons. Mr. Falkland fell in with some of these. But his undaunted spirit and resolute temper gave him a decisive advantage even in such perilous rencounters. One instance among many of his manner of conducting

conducting himself among this proud and high spirited people, it may be proper to relate. Mr. Falkland is the principal agent in my history; and Mr. Falkland, in the autumn and decay of his vigour such as I found him, cannot be completely understood without a knowledge of his previous character as it was in all the gloss of youth, yet unassailed by adversity, and unbroken in upon by anguish or remorse.

At Rome he was received with particular distinction at the house of marquis Pisani, who had an only daughter, the heir of his immense fortune, and the admiration of all the young nobility of that metropolis. Lady Lucretia Pisani was tall, of a dignified form and uncommonly beautiful. She was not deficient in amiable qualities, but her soul was haughty, and her carriage not unfrequently contemptuous. Her pride was nourished by the consciousness of her charms,

charms, by her elevated rank and the universal adoration she was accustomed to receive.

Among her numerous lovers count Malvesi was the individual most favoured by her father, nor did his addresses seem indifferent to her. The count was a man of considerable accomplishments, and of great integrity and benevolence of disposition. But he was too ardent a lover to be able always to preserve the affability of his temper. The admirers, whose addresses were a source of gratification to his mistress, were a perpetual torment to him. Placing his whole happiness in the possession of this imperious beauty, the most trifling circumstances were capable of alarming him for the security of his pretensions. But most of all he was jealous of the English cavalier. The marquis Pisani, who had spent many years in France, was by no means partial to the suspicious precautions

tions of Italian fathers, and indulged his daughter in considerable freedoms. His house and his daughter, within certain judicious restraints, were open to the resort of male visitants. But above all Mr. Falkland, as a foreigner, and a person little likely to form pretensions to the hand of Lucretia, was received upon a footing of great familiarity. The lady herself, conscious of her innocence, entertained no scruple about trifles, and acted with the confidence and frankness of one who is superior to suspicion.

Mr. Falkland, after a residence of several weeks at Rome, proceeded to Naples. Mean while certain incidents occurred that delayed the intended nuptials of the heiress of Pisani. When he returned to Rome count Malvesi was absent. Lady Lucretia, who had been considerably amused before with the conversation of Mr. Falkland, and who had an active and enquiring mind, had con-

ceived in the interval between his first and second residence at Rome a passion for learning the English language, inspired by the lively and ardent encomiums of our best authors that she had heard from their countryman. She had provided herself with the usual implements for that purpose, and made some progress during his absence. But upon his return she was desirous of making use of the opportunity which, if missed, might never occur again with equal advantages, of reading select passages of our poets in company with an Englishman of uncommon taste and capacity.

This proposal necessarily led to a more frequent intercourse. When count Malvesti returned, he found Mr. Falkland established almost as an inmate of the Pisani palace. His mind could not fail to be struck with the criticalness of the situation. He was perhaps secretly conscious that the qualifications of the Englishman

fishman were superior to his own, and he trembled for the progress that each of them might have made in the affection of the other, even before they were aware of the danger. He believed that the match was in every respect such as to flatter the ambition of Mr. Falkland, and he was stung even to madness by the idea of being deprived of the object dearest to his heart by this insolent upstart.

He had however a sufficient share of discretion to go first to demand an explanation of lady Lucretia. She in the gaiety of her heart trifled with his anxiety. His patience was already exhausted, and he proceeded in his expostulation in language that it was by no means possible for her to endure with apathy. Lady Lucretia had always been accustomed to deference and submission; and having got over something like terror that was at first inspired by the imperi-

ous manner in which she was now catechised, her next feeling was that of the warmest resentment. She disdained to satisfy so insolent a questioner, and even indulged herself in some oblique hints calculated to strengthen his suspicions. For some time she described his folly and presumption in terms of the most ludicrous sarcasm, and then suddenly changing her style, bid him never let her see him more except upon a footing of the most distant acquaintance, as she was determined never again to subject herself to so unworthy and inexcusable a treatment. She was happy that he had at length disclosed to her his true character, and would well know how to profit of her present experience to avoid a repetition of the same danger. All this passed in the full career of the passions on both sides, and lady Lucretia had no time to reflect what might be the consequence of having thus exasperated her lover.

Count

Count Malvesi left her in all the torments of hell. He believed that this was a premeditated scene to find a pretence for breaking off an engagement that was already all but concluded; or rather his mind was racked with a thousand conjectures, he alternately thought that the injustice might be hers or his own, and he quarrelled with lady Lucretia, himself and all the world. In this temper of mind he hastened to the hotel of the English cavalier. The moment of expostulation was now over, and he found himself irresistibly impelled to justify his precipitate conduct with the lady, by taking for granted that the prosperous amours of Falkland were beyond the reach of doubt.

Mr. Falkland was at home. The first words of the count were an abrupt accusation of duplicity in the affair of lady Lucretia, and a challenge. The Englishman had an unaffected esteem for

Malvesi, who was in reality a man of considerable merit, and who had been one of Mr. Falkland's earliest Italian acquaintance, they having originally met at Milan. But more than this, the possible consequences of a duel in the present instance burst upon his mind. He had the warmest admiration for lady Lucrezia, though his feelings were not those of a lover: and he knew that, however her haughtiness might endeavour to disguise it, she was impressed with a tender regard for count Malvesi. He could not bear to think that any misconduct of his should interrupt the prospects of so deserving a pair. Guided by these sentiments he endeavoured to expostulate with the Italian. But all his attempts in this respect were ineffectual. His antagonist was drunk with choler, and would not listen to a word that tended to check the impetuosity of his thoughts. He traversed the room with perturbed steps, and

and even foamed with anguish and fury. Mr. Falkland, finding that every thing else was to no purpose, told the count that, if he would return tomorrow at the same hour, he would attend him to any scene of action he would think proper to select.

From count Malvesi, Mr. Falkland immediately proceeded to the palace of Pisani. Here he found a considerable difficulty in appeasing the indignation of lady Lucretia. Honour forbade him to disclose the cartel he had received, though he was secretly determined never to draw his sword in the present quarrel; otherwise that disclosure would immediately have operated as the strongest motive with this disdainful beauty. But, though she feared a similar defiance, yet the vague apprehension was not strong enough to induce her without qualification to surrender all stateliness of her resentment. Mr. Falkland however drew

so interesting a picture of the disturbance of count Malvesi's mind, and accounted in so flattering a manner for the abruptness of his conduct, that this, together with the arguments he adduced, completed the conquest of lady Lucretia's resentment. Having thus far accomplished his purpose, he proceeded to disclose to her every thing that had passed.

The next day count Malvesi appeared, punctual to his appointment, at Mr. Falkland's hotel. Mr. Falkland came to the door to receive him, but requested him to enter the house for a moment, as he had still an affair of three minutes to dispatch. They proceeded to a parlour. Here Mr. Falkland left him, and presently returned leading in lady Lucretia herself, adorned in all her charms, and those charms heightened upon the present occasion with a consciousness of the spirited and generous condescension she now exerted. Mr. Falkland led her up to
the

the astonished count ; and she, gently laying her hand upon the arm of her lover, exclaimed with the most attractive grace, Will you allow me to retract the precipitate haughtiness into which I was betrayed ? The enraptured count, scarcely able to believe his senses, threw himself upon his knees before her, and stammered out a reply, signifying that the precipitation had been all his own, that he only had any forgiveness to demand, and, though they might pardon, he could never pardon himself for the sacrilege he had committed against her and this god-like Englishman. As soon as the first tumults of his joy were subsided, Mr. Falkland addressed him thus :

“ Count Malvesi, I feel the utmost pleasure in having thus by peaceful means disarmed your resentment, and effected your happiness. But I must confess you put me to a severe trial. My temper is not less impetuous and fiery than your own,

and it is not at all times that I should have been thus able to subdue it. But I considered that in reality the original blame was mine. Though your suspicion was groundless, it was not absurd. We have been trifling too much in the face of danger. I ought not, under the present weakness of our nature and forms of society, to have been so assiduous in my attendance upon this enchanting woman. It would have been little wonder, if, having so many opportunities, and playing the preceptor with her as I have done, I had been entangled before I was aware, and harboured a wish which I might not afterwards have had the courage to subdue. I owed you an atonement for this imprudence.

- " But the laws of honour are in the utmost degree rigid, and there was reason to fear that, however anxious I were to be your friend, I might be obliged to be your murderer. Fortunately the reputation

tion of my courage is sufficiently established, not to expose it to any impeachment by my declining your present defiance. It was lucky however that in our interview of yesterday you found me alone, and that accident by that means threw the management of the affair entirely into my disposal. If the transaction should become known, the conclusion will now become known along with the provocation, and I am satisfied. But, if the challenge had been public, the proofs I had formerly given of my courage would not have excused my present moderation; and, though desirous to have avoided the combat, it would not have been in my power. Let us hence each of us learn to avoid haste and indiscretion, the consequences of which may be inexpressible but with blood; and may heaven bless you in a consort of whom I deem you every way worthy!"

I have already said that this was by no

means the only instance in the course of his travels in which Mr. Falkland acquitted himself in the most brilliant manner as a man of gallantry and virtue. He continued abroad during several years, every one of which brought some fresh accession to the estimation in which he was held, as well as to his own impatience of stain or dishonour. At length he thought proper to return to England, with the intention of spending the rest of his days at the residence of his ancestors.

C H A P. III.

FROM the moment of his taking a step like this, dictated as it probably was by an unaffected principle of duty, his misfortunes took their commencement. All I have farther to state of his history is one uninterrupted persecution of a malignant destiny, a series of adventures which seemed to take their rise in various accidents, but pointing to one termination. Him they overwhelmed with an anguish he was of all others least qualified to bear; and these waters of bitterness, extending beyond him, poured their deadly venom upon others, I myself being the most unfortunate of their victims.

The person in whom these calamities principally originated, was Mr. Falkland's nearest neighbour, a man of estate
equal

equal to his own, by name, Barnabas Tyrrel. This man one might at first have supposed of all others least qualified from instruction, or inclined by the habits of his life, to interfere with and disturb the enjoyments of a mind so richly endowed as that of Mr. Falkland. Mr. Tyrrel might have passed for a true model of the English squire. He was very early left under the tuition of his mother, a woman of very narrow capacity, and who had no other child. This mother seemed to think that there was nothing in the world so precious as her hopeful Barnabas. Every thing must give way to his accommodation and advantage; every one must yield the most servile obedience to his commands. He must not be teased or restricted by any forms of instruction; and of consequence his proficiency even in the arts of writing and reading was extremely slender. From his birth he was muscular and sturdy;

sturdy ; and, confined to the *ruelle* of his mother, he made much such a figure as the whelp-lion that a barbarian might have given for a lap-dog to his mistress. But he soon broke loose from these trammels, and formed an acquaintance with the groom and the game-keeper. Under their instruction he proved as ready a scholar as he had been indocile and restive to the pedant who held the office of his tutor. It was now evident that his small proficiency in literature was by no means to be ascribed to want of capacity. He discovered no contemptible sagacity and quick-wittedness in the science of horse-flesh, and was eminently expert in the arts of shooting, fishing and hunting. Nor did he confine himself to these, but added the theory and practice of boxing, cudgel-play and quarter-staff. These exercises added tenfold robustness and vigour to his former qualifications. His stature, when grown, was somewhat more than

than six feet, and his form might have been selected by a painter as a model for that hero of antiquity, whose prowess consisted in felling an ox with his fist, and then devouring him at a meal. Conscious of his advantage in this respect, he was insupportably arrogant, tyrannical to his inferiors, and insolent to his equals. The activity of his mind, being diverted from the genuine field of utility and distinction, showed itself in the rude tricks of an overgrown lubber. Here, as in all his other qualifications, he rose above his competitors ; and, if it had been possible to overlook the callous and unrelenting disposition in which they were generated, you would not have denied your applause to the invention these freaks displayed, and the rough, sarcastic wit with which they were accompanied.

Mr. Tyrrel was by no means inclined to permit these extraordinary merits to rest in oblivion. There was a weekly
assembly

assembly at the nearest market-town, the resort of all the rural gentry. Here he had hitherto figured to the greatest advantage, as grand master of the *cotée*, no one among them having an equal share of opulence, and the majority, though still pretending to the rank of gentry, greatly his inferiors in this essential article. The young men in this circle looked up to this insolent bashaw with timid respect, conscious of the comparative eminence that unquestionably belonged to the powers of his mind; and he well knew how to maintain his rank with an inflexible hand. Frequently indeed he relaxed his features, and assumed a temporary appearance of affableness and familiarity; but they found by experience, that, if any one, encouraged by his condescension, forgot the deference which Mr. Tyrrel considered as his due, he was soon taught to repent his presumption. It was a tyger that
thought

thought proper to toy with a mouse, the little animal every moment in danger of being crushed by the fangs of his ferocious associate. As Mr. Tyrrel had a considerable copiousness of speech and a rich but undisciplined imagination, he was always sure of an audience. His neighbours crowded round, and joined in the ready laugh, partly from obsequiousness, and partly from unfeigned admiration. It frequently happened however that in the midst of his good humour a characteristic refinement of tyranny would suggest itself to his mind. When his subjects, encouraged by his familiarity, had discarded their precaution, the wayward fit would seize him, a sudden cloud overspread his brow, his voice transform from the pleasant to the terrible, and a quarrel of a straw immediately ensue with the first man whose face he did not like. The pleasure that resulted to others from the exuberant sallies of his imagination

was

was therefore not unalloyed with sudden qualms of apprehension and terror. It may be believed that this despotism did not gain its final ascendancy without being contested in the outset. But all opposition had been quelled with a high hand by this rural Antæus. By the ascendancy of his fortune, and his character among his neighbours, he always reduced his adversary to the necessity of encountering him at his own weapons, and did not dismiss him without making him feel his presumption through every joint in his frame. The tyranny of Mr. Tyrrel would not have been so patiently endured, had not his colloquial accomplishments perpetually come in aid of that authority which his rank and prowess originally obtained.

The situation of our squire with the fair was still more enviable than that which he maintained among persons of his own sex. Every mother taught her daughter

daughter to consider the hand of Mr. Tyrrel as the highest object of her ambition. Every daughter regarded his athletic form and his acknowledged prowess with a favourable eye. As no man was adventurous enough to contest his superiority, so hardly any woman in this provincial circle would have scrupled to prefer his addresses to those of any other admirer. His boisterous wit had peculiar charms for them; and there was no spectacle more flattering to their vanity than the seeing this Hercules exchange his club for a distaff. It was pleasing to them to consider that the fangs of this wild beast, the very idea of which inspired trepidation into the boldest hearts, might be played with by them with the utmost security.

The arrival of Mr. Falkland gave a dreadful shock to the authority of Mr. Tyrrel. The disposition of the former by no means inclined him to withhold himself

himself from scenes of fashionable resort; and he and his competitor were like two stars fated never to appear at once above the horizon. The advantages that Mr. Falkland possessed in the comparison are palpable; and, had it been otherwise, the subjects of his rustic neighbour were sufficiently disposed to revolt against his merciless dominion. They had hitherto submitted not from love, but fear; and, if they had not actually rebelled, it was only for want of a leader. Even the ladies regarded Mr. Falkland with particular complacency. His polished manners were admirably in unison with feminine delicacy. The sallies of his wit were far beyond those of Mr. Tyrrel in variety and vigour; in addition to which they had the advantage of having their spontaneous exuberance guided and restrained by the sagacity of a cultivated mind. The graces of his person were enhanced by the elegance of his deportment;

ment; and the benevolence and liberality of his temper were upon all occasions conspicuous. It was common indeed to Mr. Tyrrel together with Mr. Falkland to be little accessible to sentiments of awkwardness and confusion. But for this Mr. Tyrrel was indebted to a self-satisfied effrontery and a boisterous and overbearing elocution by which he was accustomed to discomfit his assailants; while Mr. Falkland, with great ingenuity and candour of mind, was enabled, by his extensive knowledge of the world and acquaintance with his own resources, to perceive almost instantaneously the proceeding it most became him to adopt.

Mr. Tyrrel contemplated the progress of his rival with uneasiness and aversion. He often commented upon it to his particular confidants as a thing altogether inconceivable. Mr. Falkland he described as an animal that was beneath
contempt.

contempt. Diminutive and dwarfish in his form, he wanted to set up a new standard of human nature adapted to his own miserable condition. He wished to persuade people that the human species were made to be nailed to a chair, and to pore over books. He would have them exchange those robust exercises which made us joyous in the performance and vigorous in the consequences, for the wise labour of scratching our heads for a rhyme and counting our fingers for a verse. Monkeys were as good men as these. A nation of such animals would have no chance with a single regiment of the old English votaries of beef and pudding. For his own part he never saw any thing come of learning but to make people foppish and impertinent; and a sensible man would not wish any worse calamity to the enemies of his nation than to see them run mad after such pernicious absurdities. It was impossible

ble that people could seriously feel any liking for such a ridiculous piece of goods as this outlandish, foreign-made Englishman. But he knew very well how it was; it was all a miserable piece of mummery that was played only in spite to him. But God for ever blast his soul, if he were not bitterly revenged upon them all!

If such were the sentiments of Mr. Tyrrel, his patience found ample exercise in the language which was held by the rest of his neighbours on the same subject. While he saw nothing in Mr. Falkland but matter for contempt, they appeared to be never weary of recounting his praises. Such dignity, such affability, so perpetual an attention to the happiness of others, such delicacy of sentiment and expression! Learned without ostentation, refined without foppery, elegant without effeminacy! Perpetually anxious to prevent his superiority either in
wealth

wealth or accomplishments from being painfully felt, it was felt so much the more certainly, and excited congratulation instead of envy in the spectator. It is hardly necessary to remark that the revolution in this case belongs to one of the most obvious features of the human mind. The rudest exhibition of art is at first admired; till a nobler is presented, and we are taught to wonder at the facility with which before we had been satisfied. Mr. Tyrrel thought there would be no end to the commendation; and expected when their common acquaintance would fall down and adore him. The most inadvertent expression of applause towards his rival inflicted upon him the torment of demons. He writhed with agony, his features became distorted, and his looks inspired terror. Such suffering would probably have soured the kindest temper; what must

have been its effect upon Mr. Tyrrel's, always fierce, unrelenting and abrupt?

The advantages of Mr. Falkland seemed by no means to diminish with their novelty. Every new sufferer from Mr. Tyrrel's tyranny immediately went over to the standard of his adversary. The ladies, though treated by their rustic swain with more gentleness than the men, were occasionally exposed to his capriciousness and insolence. They could not help remarking the contrast between these two leaders in the fields of Venus, the one of whom paid no attention to any one's pleasure but his own, while the other seemed all good humour and benevolence. It was in vain that Mr. Tyrrel endeavoured to restrain the ruggedness of his character. His motive was impatience, his thoughts were gloomy, and his courtship was like the pawings of an elephant. It appeared as if his temper were more human while

he had indulged it in its free bent, than now that he fullenly endeavoured to put fetters upon its excesses.

Among the ladies of the village assembly already mentioned there was none that seemed to engage more of the kindness of Mr. Tyrrel than miss Hardingham. She was also one of the few that had not yet gone over to the enemy, either because she really preferred the gentleman who was her oldest acquaintance, or conceiving from calculation that this conduct would best insure success to her object in a husband. One day however she thought proper, probably only by way of temporary experiment, to show Mr. Tyrrel that she could engage in hostilities, if he should at any time give her sufficient provocation. She accordingly so adjusted her manoeuvres as to be engaged by Mr. Falkland as his partner for the dance of the evening, though without the smallest inten-

tion on the part of that gentleman of giving offence to his country neighbour.

A short time before the dances began, Mr. Tyrrel went up to his fair innamorate, and entered into some trifling conversation with her to fill up the time, as intending in a few minutes to lead her forward to the field. He had accustomed himself to neglect the ceremony of soliciting beforehand a promise in his favour, as not supposing it possible that any one should dare to dispute his behests; and, had it been otherwise, he would have thought the formality unnecessary in this case, his general preference to miss Hardingham being sufficiently notorious.

While he was thus engaged, Mr. Falkland came up. Mr. Tyrrel always regarded him with aversion and loathing. Mr. Falkland however slid in a graceful and unaffected manner into the conversation that was already begun, and the

the well-meaning ingenuousness of his manner was such, as might for the time have disarmed the devil of his malice. Mr. Tyrrel probably conceived that his accosting miss Hardingham might be only an accidental piece of general ceremony, and expected every moment when he would withdraw to another part of the room. Still he staid, as if determined to tire out the patience of the rustic.

The company now began to be in motion for the dance, and Mr. Falkland informed miss Hardingham that it was time to advance.—Sir, interrupted Mr. Tyrrel abruptly, that lady is my partner.—I think not, fir: I apprehend the lady has done me that favour, and I am very sure she has not promised herself to both.—I tell you, fir, she is mine: I pretend to think that I have some interest in that lady's affections; and I will suffer no man to intrude upon my claims.—

The lady's affections are not the subject of the present question.—And pray, what is the subject? Observe, sir, I will not recede.—Mr. Tyrrel, there is no need of altercation in the present business: the master of the ceremonies is the proper person to decide; and, as neither of us can intend to disturb the good humour of the assembly, or exhibit our valour before the ladies, we shall either of us chearfully submit to his verdict.—Damn me, sir, if I understand—Softly, Mr. Tyrrel. It really is not worth the while of either of us to quarrel about a question that the forms of good company have long ago decided. I intended you no offence. But, sir, I shall be resolute in asserting that to which I have once acquired a claim. And you will please to observe that it is not my custom to submit to any unbecoming liberties.

Mr. Falkland uttered these words
with

with the most even temper in the world. There was not in his manner the slightest appearance of defiance. The words, delivered with a certain tone, might have had the appearance of an affront. But they were uttered with the tone of a remonstrance, calm, unassuming, and benevolent without being contemptuous. Miss Hardingham had begun to repent of her experiment, but her alarm was suddenly quieted by the irresistible composure of her new partner. Mr. Tyrrel walked away without answering a word. He muttered curses as he went, which the laws of honour did not oblige Mr. Falkland to overhear, and which indeed it would have been no easy task to have overheard with accuracy. Mr. Tyrrel would not perhaps have so easily given up his point, had not his own good sense presently taught him that, however eager he might be for revenge, this was not the ground he should desire to

occupy. Add to this, that unaccustomed as he was to strenuous opposition, he was less prepared instantaneously to encounter it; and indeed there was something in Mr. Falkland's manner that extorted assent for the present, however prejudice might reassume its dominion. But, though Mr. Tyrrel could not openly resent this rebellion against his authority, he brooded over it in the recesses of a malignant mind; and it was evident enough that he was accumulating materials for a bitter account, to which he trusted that his adversary should one day be brought.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

THIS was only one out of innumerable instances that every day seemed to enlarge, of petty mortifications which Mr. Tyrrel was destined to endure on the part of Mr. Falkland. In every one of them Mr. Falkland conducted himself with such propriety and unaffected mildness, as perpetually to make some addition to the stock of his reputation. The more Mr. Tyrrel struggled with his misfortune, the more conspicuous and inveterate it became. A thousand times he cursed his stars, which took, as he apprehended, a malicious pleasure in making Mr. Falkland at every turn the instrument of his humiliation. Smarting as he was under a succession of untoward events, he appeared to feel in the most exquisite man-

ner the distinctions paid to his adversary, even in those particulars to which he had not the slightest pretensions. An instance of this speedily occurred.

Mr. Clare, a poet whose works have done immortal honour to the country that produced him, had lately retired, after a life spent in the sublimest efforts of genius, to enjoy the produce of his economy and the reputation he had acquired, in this very neighbourhood. Such an inmate was looked up to by the country gentlemen with a degree of adoration. They felt a conscious pride in recollecting that the boast of England was a native of their vicinity, and they were by no means deficient in gratitude to him, when they saw him who had left them an adventurer, return into the midst of them in the close of his days crowned with honours and opulence. The reader is acquainted with his works; he has probably dwelt
upon

upon them with transport; and I need not remind him of their excellence. But he is perhaps a stranger to his personal qualifications. He does not know that his productions were scarcely more admirable than his conversation. In company he seemed to be the only person ignorant of the greatness of his fame. To the world his writings will long remain a kind of specimen of what the human mind is capable of performing; but no man perceived their defects so acutely as he, or saw so distinctly how much yet remained to be effected. He alone appeared to look upon his works with superiority and indifference. One of the features that most eminently distinguished him was a perpetual suavity of manners, a comprehensiveness of mind, that regarded the errors of others without a particle of resentment, and made it impossible for any one to be his enemy. He pointed out to men their mistakes,

frankness and unreserve: his remonstrances produced astonishment and conviction, but without uneasiness to the party to whom they were addressed: they felt the instrument that was employed to correct their irregularities, but it never mangled what it was intended to heal. Such were the moral qualities that distinguished him among his acquaintance. The intellectual accomplishments he exhibited were principally a tranquil and mild enthusiasm, and a richness of conception that dictated spontaneously to his tongue, and flowed with so much ease, that it was only by retrospect you could be made aware of the amazing variety of ideas that had been presented.

Mr. Clare certainly found few men in this remote situation that were capable of participating in his ideas and amusements. It has not seldom been the weakness of great men to fly to solitude, and con-

verse with woods and groves, rather than with a circle of strong and comprehensive minds like their own. From the moment of Mr. Falkland's arrival in the neighbourhood Mr. Clare distinguished him in the most flattering manner. To so penetrating a genius there was no need of long experience and patient observation to discover the merits and defects of any character that presented itself. The foundations of his judgment had long since been accumulated, and at the close of so illustrious a life he might almost be said to see through nature at a glance. What wonder that he took some interest in a mind in a certain degree congenial with his own? But to Mr. Tyrrel's diseased imagination every distinction bestowed on another seemed to be expressly intended as an insult to him. On the other hand Mr. Clare, though gentle and benevolent in his remonstrances to a degree that made the

the taking of offence impossible, was by no means parsimonious of praise; or slow to make use of the deference that was paid him; for the purpose of doing justice to merit. The pain which Mr. Tyrrel endured from this circumstance in the present instance was extreme.

It happened at one of those public meetings at which Mr. Falkland and Mr. Tyrrel were present, that the conversation, in one of the most numerous knots into which the company was broken, turned upon the poetical talents of the former. A lady, who was present, and was distinguished for the acuteness of her understanding, said, she had been favoured with the sight of a poem he had just written, entitled, an Ode to the Genius of Chivalry, which appeared to her of exquisite merit. The curiosity of the company was immediately excited, and the lady added, she had a copy in her pocket, which would be very
much

much at their service, provided its being thus produced would not be disagreeable to the author. The whole circle immediately intreated Mr. Falkland to comply with their wishes, and Mr. Clare, who was one of the company, enforced their petition. Nothing gave this gentleman so much pleasure as to have an opportunity of witnessing and doing justice to the exhibition of intellectual excellence. Mr. Falkland had no false modesty or affectation, and therefore readily yielded his consent. If their kindness led them to expect too much, the loss, he said, was theirs. What he ought most to desire was to be set right, and he hoped he had fortitude enough tranquilly to abide the verdict of justice.

Mr. Tyrrel accidentally sat at the extremity of this circle. It cannot be supposed that the turn the conversation had taken was by any means agreeable to him. He seemed to wish to withdraw himself,

himself, but there was some unknown power that as it were by enchantment retained him in his place, and made him consent to drink to the dregs the bitter potion which envy had prepared for him.

The poem was read to the rest of the company by Mr. Clare, whose elocution was scarcely inferior to his other accomplishments. Simplicity, discrimination and energy constantly attended him in the act of reading, and it is not easy to conceive a more refined delight than fell to the lot of those who had the good fortune to be his auditors. The beauties of Mr. Falkland's poem were accordingly exhibited with every advantage. The successive passions of the author were communicated to the reader. Every word was impressed with its true value, and none was brought forward with disproportioned and elaborate emphasis. The pictures conjured up by the creative fancy of the poet were placed full to view, at one time
over-

overwhelming the soul with superstitious awe, and at another transporting it with luxuriant beauty.

The character of the hearers upon this occasion has already been described. They were for the most part plain, unlettered, and of little refinement. Poetry in general they read, when read at all, from the mere force of imitation and with few sensations of pleasure; but this poem had a peculiar vein of glowing inspiration. This very poem would probably have been seen by many of them with little effect; but the rhetoric of Mr. Clare carried it home to the heart. He ended: and, as the countenances of his auditors had before gone along with the passions of the composition, so now they emulated each other in giving language to their approbation. They were surprised into a sort of applause to which they were little accustomed. One spoke, and another followed by a sort of uncontrollable

trolable impulse; and the rude and broken manner of their commendations rendered them the more singular and remarkable. But what was least to be endured was the behaviour of Mr. Clare. He returned the manuscript to the lady from whom he had received it, and then turning to Mr. Falkland said with emphasis and animation: Why, this is well, sir. It is of the right stamp; none of your hard essays strained from the nine-fold labour of a pedant, or of your pastoral ditties most dismally distressed in search of a meaning. We want such people as you. But remember, young man, the muse was not given to add new refinements to idleness, but for the deliverance of the world.

A moment after Mr. Clare had thus expressed himself, he quitted his seat, and with Mr. Falkland and two or three more withdrew. As soon as they were gone, Mr. Tyrrel edged farther into the circle.

circle. He had sat silent so long that he seemed ready to burst with gall and indignation. Mighty pretty verses, said he, half talking to himself, and not addressing any particular person: why, aye, the verses are well enough. Damnation! I should like to know what a ship-load of such stuff is good for.

Why, surely, said the lady who had introduced Mr. Falkland's ode on the present occasion, you must allow that poetry is a very agreeable and elegant amusement.

Elegant, quotha!—Why, look at this Falkland! A puny bit of a thing! In the devil's name, madam, do you think he would write poetry if he could do any thing better?

The conversation did not stop here. The lady expostulated. Several other persons, fresh from the sensation they had felt, put in their share. Mr. Tyrrel grew more violent in his invectives, and found

found ease in uttering them. The persons who were able in any degree to check his vehemence were withdrawn. One speaker after another shrunk back into silence, too timid to oppose, or too indolent to contend with the fierceness of his passion. He found the appearance of his old ascendancy; but he felt its deceitfulness and uncertainty, and was gloomily dissatisfied.

In his return from this assembly he was accompanied by a young man whom similitude of manners had rendered one of his principal confidants, and whose road home was in part the same as his own. One would have thought that Mr. Tyrrel had sufficiently vented his spleen in the dialogue he had just been holding with the lady and her associates. But he was unable to dismiss from his recollection the anguish he had endured. Damn Falkland! said he. What a pitiful scoundrel is here to make all this bustle about! But women and
fools

fools always will be fools ; there is no help for that ! Those that set them on have most to answer for ; and most of all Mr. Clare. He is a man that ought to know something of the world, and past being duped by gewgaws and tinsel. He seemed too to have some sense of justice : I should not have suspected him of hallooing to a cry of mongrels without honesty or reason. But the world is all alike. Those that seem better than their neighbours are only more artful. They mean the same thing, though they take a different road. He deceived me for a while, but it is all out now. They are the makers of all the mischief. Fools might blunder, but they would not persist, if people that ought to set them right, did not encourage them to go wrong.

A few days after this adventure Mr. Tyrrel was surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Falkland. It was the first that
had

had ever passed, they having never before seen each other but at a third place. Mr. Falkland proceeded without ceremony to explain the motive of his coming.

Mr. Tyrrel, said he, I am come to have an amicable explanation with you.

Explanation ! What is my offence ?

None in the world, sir; and for that reason I conceive this the fittest time for us to come to a right understanding.

You are in the devil of a hurry, sir. Are you clear that this haste will not mar, instead of make an understanding ?

I think I am, sir. I have great faith in the purity of my intentions, and I will not doubt that, when you perceive the view with which I come, you will willingly cooperate with it.

Mayhap, Mr. Falkland, we may not agree about that. One man thinks one way, and another man thinks another.

Mayhap

Mayhap I do not think I have any great reason to be pleased with you already.

It may be so. I cannot however charge myself with having given you reason to be displeased.

Mr. Tyrrel, proceeded Mr. Falkland, you will readily imagine that the cause that brought me hither was ~~not~~ a slight one. I would not have troubled you with a visit but for important reasons. My coming is a pledge how deeply I am myself impressed with what I have to communicate.

We are in a critical situation. We are upon the brink of a whirlpool which, if once it get hold of us, will render all farther deliberation impotent. Shall we be enemies? What benefit will be derived from that? Who ever found in gall, malice, suspicion and hatred the materials of happiness? No; to the breast where they enter, happiness is for ever a stranger. They haunt our relaxations,
they

they poison our pleasures, they hardly allow us a moment of unmixed satisfaction. A brow of care, a cankered heart, a bosom bursting with rage, these are their retinue.—If we be enemies, who shall tell where our enmity shall stop? Every new event will feed it; it will swell beyond imagination or limit; ever seeming enlarged to its utmost size, it will still become more monstrous, more intolerable!

Upon my soul, you are an extraordinary man,—an impertinent man! Why intrude upon me your prophecies and forebodings?

Because it is necessary to your happiness. Because it becomes me to tell you of our danger now, rather than wait till my character will permit me to be silent no longer.

Sir, I mean to take care of my own happiness. I do not thank you for your interference. Damn me, if I think this

is

is any thing else but a trick to put a new feather in your cap at your neighbour's expence.

Mr. Tyrrel, it is to provide against such misconstructions on either part that I have sought you. I know the infirmity of my temper, but at least upon this occasion I am determin'd not to take any thing ill. If my intention had been to outshine you, should I have come alone?

Well, sir, you have no right to put me out of humour with myself. If you come to play upon me, and try what sort of a fellow you shall have to deal with, damn me, if you shall have any reason to hug yourself upon the experiment.

Mr. Tyrrel, nothing is more easy for us than to quarrel. If you desire that, there is no fear that you will find opportunities.

Damn me, sir, if I do not believe you are come to bully me.

Good God, Mr. Tyrrel, be less unjust! My character is too well known to allow it to be supposed that I fear any man, and I do not in the least suspect you of a weakness in that respect to which I am myself a stranger.

Well, sir, that is thereafter as it may be.

By quarrelling we shall but imitate the great mass of mankind who could easily quarrel in our place. Let us do better. Let us show that we have the wisdom to avoid vulgar errors, and the magnanimity to condemn petty misunderstandings. We are formed in different habits; why should we interfere? The world is wide enough for both. By thus judging we shall do ourselves most substantial honour. By a contrary conduct we shall be ourselves the sufferers, and merely present a comedy for the amusement of our acquaintance.

Do

Do you think so? There may be something in that. Damn me, if I consent to be the jest of any man living.

You are right, Mr. Tyrrel. Let us each act in the manner best calculated to excite respect. We neither of us wish to change roads with the other; let us each suffer the other to pursue his own track unmolested. Be this our compact; and by mutual forbearance let us preserve mutual peace.

Saying this, Mr. Falkland put out his hand in token of fellowship. But the gesture was too significant. The wayward Tyrrel, who seemed to have been somewhat impressed by what had preceded, taken as he was now by surprise, shrunk back.

All this is very unaccountable, cried he. What the devil can have made you so forward, if you had not some fly purpose to answer by which I am to be overreached?

E 2

My

My purpose, replied Mr. Falkland, is a manly and an honest purpose. Why should you refuse a proposition dictated by reason, and an equal regard to the interest of each?—Mr. Tyrrel had had an opportunity for pause, and fell back into his habitual character.

Well, sir, in all this I must own there is some frankness. Now I will return you like for like. It is no matter how I came by it, my temper is rough, and will not be controled. Mayhap you may think it a weakness, but I do not desire to see it altered. Till you came, I found myself very well: I liked my neighbours, and my neighbours humoured me. But now the case is entirely altered; and, as long as I cannot stir abroad without meeting with some mortification in which you are directly or remotely concerned, I am determined to hate you. Now, sir, if you will only go out of the county or the kingdom, to the devil if
you

you please, so as I may never hear of you any more, I will promise never to quarrel with you as long as I live. Your poetry and your delicacy, your quirks and your conundrums may then be the very paragon of excellence for what I care.

Mr. Tyrrel, attend to reason. I might as well desire you to leave the county, as you desire me. I came here to you, not as to a master, but an equal. In the society of men we must have something to bear, as well as to perform. No man must think that the world was made for him. Let us then take things as we find them; and accommodate ourselves with prudence to unavoidable circumstances.

True, sir, all that is very fine talking. But I return to my text; we are as God made us. I am neither a philosopher nor a poet, to set out upon a wild-goose chase of making myself a different man

E 3

from

from what you find me. As for consequences, what must be must be. As we brew, we must bake. And so, do you see, I shall not trouble myself about what is to be, but stand up to it with a stout heart when it comes. Only this I can tell you, that, as long as I find you thrust into my dish every day, I shall hate you as bad as fenna and valerian. And damn me, if I do not think I hate you the more for coming to-day in this pragmatical way when nobody sent for you, on purpose to show how much wiser you are than all the world besides.

Mr. Tyrrel, I have done. I foresaw consequences, and came as a friend to advise you. I did hope that by mutual explanation we should each of us have improved in the good opinion of the other. I am partly disappointed; but I still believe that when you coolly reflect on what has passed, you will give me credit for the honesty
of

of my intentions, and be disposed to think of me with the same consideration and liberality as I am determined to exercise towards you.

Having said this, Mr. Falkland departed; and Mr. Tyrrel had recourse to his old friend, to whom he unburthened the tumult of his thoughts. This, cried he, is a new artifice of the fellow to prove his imagined superiority. We know very well that he has the gift of the gab. To be sure, if the world were to be governed by words, he would be in the right box. Oh, yes, he had it all hollow before him! But what signifies prating? Business must be done in an other-guess way than that. I wonder what possessed me that I did not kick him! But that is all to come. This is only a new debt added to the score which he shall one day richly pay. This Falkland haunts me like a demon. I cannot wake, but I think of him. I

cannot sleep, but I see him. He poisons all my pleasures. I should be glad to see him torn with tenter-hooks, and to grind his heart-strings with my teeth. I shall know no joy, till I see him ruined. There may be some things right about him; but he is my perpetual torment. The thought of him presses like a dead weight upon my heart, and I have a right to throw it off. Does he think I will feel all that I endure for nothing?

In spite of the acerbity of Mr. Tyrrel's feelings, it is probable however he did some justice to his rival. Upon ordinary occasions at least he seemed disposed to treat him with an involuntary deference. He was no longer equally voluble in mixed companies in his abuse of him; a part of the topics of his invective seemed to be gone. He was no longer eager to treat him with random hostility; if he regarded him with
equal

equal dislike, he at least appeared to regard him as a formidable foe. He avoided his encounter; he forbore to contradict his opinions; he seemed to lie in wait for his victim, and to collect his venom for a mortal assault.

C H A P. V.

IT was not long after that a malignant contagious distemper broke out in the neighbourhood, which proved fatal to many of the inhabitants, and was of unexampled rapidity in its effects. One of the first persons that was seized with it was Mr. Clare. It may be believed that this incident spread grief and alarm through the vicinity. Mr. Clare was considered by them as something more than a mortal. The equanimity of his behaviour, his unassuming carriage, his exuberant benevolence and goodness of heart, joined with his talents, his inoffensive wit, and the comprehensiveness of his intelligence made him the idol of all that knew him. In the scene of his rural retreat at least he had not an enemy. All mourned the danger that now threatened

threatened him. ²He appeared to have the prospect of long life, and of going down to his grave full of years and of honour. Perhaps these appearances were deceitful. Perhaps the intellectual efforts he had exerted, which were occasionally more sudden, violent and unintermitted than a strict regard to health would have dictated, had laid the seeds of future disease. But a sanguine observer would infallibly have predicted, that his good sense, presence of mind and unaltered cheerfulness would be able even to keep death at bay for a time and baffle the attacks of distemper, provided this universal foe did not take him by surprise. The general affliction therefore was doubly pungent upon the present occasion.

But no one was so much affected as Mr. Falkland. Perhaps no man living so well understood the value of the life that was now at stake. He imme-

diately hastened to the spot; but he found some difficulty in gaining admission. Mr. Clare, aware of the infectious nature of his disease, had given directions that as few people as possible should approach him. Mr. Falkland sent up his name. He was told that he was included in the general orders. He was not however of a temper to be easily repulsed; he persisted with obstinacy, and at length carried his point, being only reminded in the first instance to employ those precautions which experience has approved as most effectual for counteracting infection.

He found Mr. Clare in his bedchamber, but not in bed. He was sitting in his night-gown at a bureau near the window. His appearance was composed and cheerful, but death was in his countenance. I had a great inclination, Mr. Falkland, said he, not to have suffered you to come in; and yet there is not a
person

person in the world it could give me more pleasure to see. But upon second thoughts I believe there are few people that could run into a danger of this kind with a better prospect of escaping. In your case, at least the garrison will not be taken through the treachery of the commander. I cannot tell how it is that I, who can preach wisdom to you, have myself been caught. But do not be discouraged by my example. I had no notice of my danger, or I would have acquitted myself better. These strange seeds of distemper seem to float in the air, and to fasten upon the frame without its being possible for us to tell what was the method of their approach.

Mr. Falkland, having once established himself in the apartment of his friend, would upon no terms consent to retire. Mr. Clare considered that there was perhaps less danger in this choice than in a frequent change from the extremes of a
pure

pure to a tainted air, and desisted from his expostulation. Falkland, said he, when you came in, I had just finished making my will. I was not pleased with what I had formerly drawn up upon that subject, and I did not choose in my present situation to call in an attorney. In fact it would be strange if a man of sense with pure and direct intentions should not be able to perform such a function for himself.

Mr. Clare continued to act in the same easy and disengaged manner as in perfect health. To judge from the cheerfulness of his tone and the firmness of his manner, the thought would never once have occurred to you that he was dying. He walked, he reasoned, he jest-ed, in a way that argued the most perfect self-possession. But his appearance changed perceptibly for the worse every quarter of an hour. Mr. Falkland kept his eye perpetually fixed upon him with mingled

mingled sentiments of anxiety and admiration.

Falkland, said he, after having appeared for a short period absorbed in thought, I feel that I am dying. This is a strange distemper of mine. Yesterday I seemed in perfect health, and to-morrow I shall be an insensible corpse. How curious is the line that separates life and death to mortal men ! To be at one moment active, gay, penetrating, with immense stores of knowledge at one's command, capable of delighting, instructing and animating mankind, and the next, lifeless and loathsome, an incumbrance upon the face of the earth. Such is the history of many men, and such will be mine.

I feel as if I had yet much to do in the world ; but it will not be. I must be contented with what is past. It is in vain that I muster all my spirits to my heart. The enemy is too mighty and too merciless for me ; he will not give me
time

time so much as to breathe. These things are not yet in our power. They are parts of a great series that is perpetually flowing. The general welfare, the great business of the universe, will go on, though I bear no farther share in promoting it. That task is reserved for younger strengths, for you, Falkland, and such as you. We should be contemptible indeed, if the prospect of human improvement did not yield us a pure and perfect delight, independently of the question of our existing to partake of it. Mankind would have little to envy to future ages, if they had all enjoyed a serenity as perfect as mine.

Mr. Clare sat up through the whole day, indulging himself in easy and cheerful exertions, which were perhaps better calculated to refresh and invigorate the frame, than if he had sought repose in its direct form. Now and then he was visited with a sudden pang; but it was no

sooner felt, than he seemed to rise above it, and smiled at the impotence of the attack. Three or four times he was bedewed with profuse sweats, and these again were succeeded by an extreme dryness and burning heat of the skin. He was next covered with small livid spots. Symptoms of shivering followed, but these he drove away with a determined resolution. He then became tranquil and composed, and after some time determined to go to bed, it being already night. Falkland, said he, pressing his hand, the task of dying is not so difficult, as some people imagine. When one looks back from the brink of it, one wonders that so total a subversion can take place at so easy a rate.

He had now been some time in bed, and, as every thing was still, Mr. Falkland hoped that he slept. But in that he was mistaken. Presently Mr. Clare threw back the curtain, and looked in the countenance

countenance of his friend. I cannot sleep, said he. No, if I could sleep, it would be the same thing as to recover; and I am fated to have the worst in this battle.

Falkland, I have been thinking about you. I do not know any one whose future usefulness I contemplate with greater hope. Take care of yourself. Do not let the world be defrauded of the benefit of your virtues. I am well acquainted with your weakness as well as your strength. You have an impetuosity and an impatience of imagined dishonour, that, if once set wrong, may make you as eminently mischievous, as you will otherwise be useful. Would to God you would think seriously of exterminating this error!

But, if I cannot, in the brief expostulation my present situation will allow, work this desirable change in you, there is at least one thing I can do. I can put
you

you upon your guard against a mischief I foresee to be imminent. Beware of Mr. Tyrrel. Do not commit the mistake of despising him as an unequal opponent. Petty causes may produce great mischiefs. Mr. Tyrrel is boisterous, rugged and unfeeling; and you are too passionate, too acutely sensible of injury. It would be truly to be lamented, if a man so inferior, so utterly unworthy to be compared with you, should be capable of changing your whole history into misery and guilt. Think of this. I exact no promise from you. I would not shackle you with the fetters of superstition; I would have you be governed by reason and justice.

Mr. Falkland was deeply affected with this expostulation. His sense of the generous attention of Mr. Clare at such a moment as this, was so great as almost to deprive him of utterance. He spoke in short sentences and with visible effort.

I will

I will behave better, replied he. Never fear me! Your kind admonitions shall not be thrown away upon me.

Mr. Clare adverted to another subject. I have made you my executor; you will not refuse me this last office of friendship. It is but a short time that I have had the happiness of knowing you; but in that short time I have examined you well, and seen you thoroughly. Do not disappoint the sanguine hope I have entertained!

I have left some legacies. My former connections, while I lived amidst the busy haunts of men, as many of them as were intimate, are all of them dear to me. I have not had time to summon them about me upon the present occasion, nor did I desire it. The remembrances of me will, I hope, answer a better purpose than such as are usually thought of on similar occasions.

Mr. Clare, having thus unburthened his mind, spoke no more for several hours.

hours. Towards morning Mr. Falkland quietly withdrew the curtain, and looked at the dying man. His eyes were open, and were now gently turned towards his young friend. His countenance was sunk, and of a death-like appearance. I hope you are better, said Falkland in a half-whisper, as if afraid of disturbing him. Mr. Clare drew his hand from the bed-clothes, and stretched it forward; Mr. Falkland advanced, and took hold of it. Much better, said Mr. Clare in a voice, inward and hardly articulate; the struggle is now over; I have finished my part; farewell; remember! These were his last words. He lived still a few hours; his lips were sometimes seen to move; he expired without a groan.

Mr. Falkland had witnessed the scene with much anxiety. His hopes of a favourable crisis, and his fear of disturbing the last moments of his friend, had held him dumb. For the last half hour he
had

had stood up with his eyes intently fixed upon Mr. Clare. He witnessed the last gasp, the last little convulsive motion of the frame. He continued to look; he seemed sometimes to imagine that he saw life renewed. At length he could deceive himself no longer, and exclaimed with a distracted accent, And is this all? He would have thrown himself upon the body of his friend; the attendants withheld, and would have forced him into another apartment. But he struggled from them, and hung fondly over the bed. Is this the end of genius, virtue and excellence? Is the luminary of the world thus for ever gone? Oh, yesterday! yesterday! Clare, why could not I have died in your stead? Dreadful moment! Irreparable loss! Lost in the very maturity and vigour of his mind! Cut off from a usefulness ten thousand times greater than any he had already exhibited! Oh, his was a mind to have instructed
sages,

sages, and guided the moral world ! This is all we have left of him ! The eloquence of those lips is gone ! The incessant activity of that heart is still ! The best and wisest of men is gone, and the world is insensible of its loss !

Mr. Tyrrel heard the intelligence of Mr. Clare's death with emotion, but of a very different kind. He avowed that he had not forgiven him his partial attachment to Falkland, and therefore could not recal his remembrance with kindness. But, if he could have overlooked his past injustice, sufficient care was taken to employ means to keep alive his resentment. Falkland forsooth attended him on his death-bed, as if nobody else was worthy to partake of his confidential communications. But what was worst of all was this executorship. In every thing this pragmatiscal rascal throws me behind. Contemptible wretch, that has nothing of the man about him !

Must

Must he perpetually trample on his betters? Is every body incapable of reason, and making a right estimate of the merits of men? caught with mere outside? choosing the flimsy before the substantial? And upon his death-bed too! [Mr. Tyrrel with his uncultivated brutality mixed, as usually happens, certain rude notions of religion.] Sure the sense of his situation might have shamed him. Poor wretch! his soul has a great deal to answer for. He has made my pillow uneasy; and, whatever may be the consequences, it is him we have to thank for them.

The death of Mr. Clare removed the person who could most effectually have moderated the animosities of the contending parties, and took away the great operative check upon the excesses of Mr. Tyrrel. This rustic tyrant had been held in involuntary restraint by the intellectual ascendancy of his celebrated neighbour;

bour; and, notwithstanding the general ferocity of his temper, did not appear till lately to have entertained a hatred against him. In the short time that had elapsed from the period in which Mr. Clare had fixed his residence in the neighbourhood to that of the arrival of Mr. Falkland from the continent, the conduct of Mr. Tyrrel had even shown certain tokens of improvement. Such was the felicity of Mr. Clare's manners that, even while he corrected, he conciliated, and excited no angry emotions in those whose actions were most curbed by the apprehension of his displeasure. The effects of his suavity however, so far as related to Mr. Tyrrel, had been in a certain degree suspended by considerations of rivalry between this gentleman and Mr. Falkland. And, now that the influence of Mr. Clare's presence and virtues were entirely removed, Mr. Tyrrel's

temper broke out into more criminal excesses than at any former period, having the additional stimulus of mortified pride and disappointed ambition.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

THE consequences of all this speedily manifested themselves. The very next incident in the story was in some degree decisive of the catastrophe. Hitherto I have spoken only of preliminary matters, seemingly unconnected with each other, though leading to that state of mind in both parties, which had such fatal effects. But all that remains is rapid and tremendous. The death-dealing mischief advances with an accelerated motion, appearing to defy human wisdom and human strength to obstruct its operation.

There was a tenant of Mr. Tyrrel, one Hawkins;—I cannot mention his name without recollecting the painful tragedies that are annexed to it! This Hawkins had originally been taken up by Mr. Tyrrel with a view of protecting

F 2

him

him from the arbitrary proceedings of a neighbouring squire, though he had now in his turn become an object of persecution to Mr. Tyrrel himself. The first ground of their connection was this. Hawkins, beside a farm which he rented under the abovementioned squire, had a small freehold estate that he inherited from his father. This of course entitled him to a vote in the county elections; and, a warmly contested election having occurred, he was required by his landlord to vote for the candidate in whose favour he had himself engaged. Hawkins refused to obey the mandate, and soon after received notice to quit the farm he at that time rented.

It happened that Mr. Tyrrel had interested himself strongly in behalf of the opposite candidate; and, as Mr. Tyrrel's estate bordered upon the seat of Hawkins's present residence, the ejected countryman could think of no better expedient

dient than that of riding over to this gentleman's mansion, and relating the case to him. Mr. Tyrrel heard him through with attention. Well, friend, said he, it is very true that I wished Mr. Jackman to carry his election; but you know it is usual in these cases for tenants to vote just as their landlords please. I do not think proper to encourage rebellion. —All that is very right, and please you, replied Hawkins; and I would have voted at my landlord's bidding for any other man in the three kingdoms but squire Marlow. You must know one day his huntsman rode over my fence, and so through my best field of standing corn. It was not above a dozen yards about, if he had kept the cart-road. The fellow had served me the same sauce, an it please your honour, three or four times before. So I only asked him, What he did that for, and whether he had not more conscience than to spoil

people's crops a' that fashion? Presently the squire came up. He is but a poor, weazen face chicken of a gentleman, saving your honour's reverence. And so he flew into a woundy passion, and threatened to horsewhip me. I will do as much in reason to pleasure my landlord as arr a tenant he has; but I will not give my vote to a man that threatens to horsewhip me. And so, your honour, I and my wife and three children are to be turned out of house and home, and what I am to do to maintain them God knows. I have been a hard-working man, and have alway lived very well, and I do think the case is main hard. Squire Underwood turns me out of my farm; and, if your honour do not take me in, I know none of the neighbouring gentry will, for fear as they say of encouraging their own tenants to run rusty too.

This representation was not without its effect upon Mr. Tyrrel. Well, well, man,

man, replied he, we will see what can be done. Order and subordination are very good things; but people should know how much to require. As you tell the story, I cannot see that you are greatly to blame. Marlow is a coxcombical prig, that is the truth on't; and, if a man will expose himself, why, he must even take what follows. I do hate a Frenchified fop with all my soul; and I cannot say that I am much pleased with Mr. Underwood for taking the part of such a rascal. Hawkins, I think is your name? You may call on Barnes, my steward, to-morrow, and he shall speak to you.

While Mr. Tyrrel was speaking, he recollected that he had a farm vacant of nearly the same value as that which Hawkins at present rented under Mr. Underwood. He immediately consulted his steward, and, finding the thing suitable in every respect, Hawkins was admitted out of hand into the catalogue of Mr.

Tyrrel's tenants. Mr. Underwood extremely resented this proceeding, which indeed, as being contrary to the understood conventions of the country gentlemen, few people but Mr. Tyrrel would have ventured upon. He said that there was an end to all regulation, if tenants were to be encouraged in such inexcusable disobedience. It was not a question of this or that candidate, seeing that any gentleman, who was a true friend to his country, would rather lose his election, than do a thing which, if once established into a practice, would deprive them for ever of the power of managing any election. The labouring people were sturdy and resolute enough of their own accord; it became every day more difficult to keep them under any subordination; and, if the gentlemen were so ill-advised as to neglect the public good, and encourage them in their insolence, there was no foreseeing where it would end.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrrel was not of a stamp to be influenced by these remonstrances. Their general spirit was sufficiently conformable to the sentiments he himself entertained; but he was of too vehement a temper to maintain the character of a consistent politician; and, however wrong his conduct might be, he would by no means admit of its being set right by the suggestions of others. The more his patronage of Hawkins was criticised, the more inflexibly he adhered to it; and he was at no loss in clubs and other assemblies to overbear and silence, if not to confute his censurers. Beside which, Hawkins had certain accomplishments which qualified him to be a favourite with Mr. Tyrrel. The bluntness of his manner and the ruggedness of his temper gave him some resemblance to his landlord; and, as these qualities were likely to be more frequently exercised on such persons as had incurred Mr. Tyrrel's displeasure than upon

Mr. Tyrrel himself, they were not observed without some degree of complacency. In a word, he every day received new marks of distinction from his patron, and after some time was appointed coadjutor to Mr. Barnes in the capacity of bailiff. It was about the same period that he obtained a lease of the farm of which he was tenant.

Mr. Tyrrel was determined, as occasion offered, to promote every part of the family of this favoured dependent. Hawkins had a son, a lad of seventeen, of a very agreeable person, a ruddy complexion, and of quick and lively parts. This lad was in an uncommon degree the favourite of his father, who seemed to have nothing so much at heart as the future welfare of his son. Mr. Tyrrel had noticed him two or three times with approbation; and the boy, being fond of the sports of the field, had occasionally followed the hounds, and displayed various

rious instances both of agility and sagacity in presence of the squire. One day in particular he exhibited himself with uncommon advantage; and Mr. Tyrrel without farther delay proposed to his father to take him into his family, and make him whipper-in to his hounds, till he could provide him with some more lucrative appointment in his service.

This proposal was received by Hawkins with various marks of mortification. He excused himself with hesitation for not accepting the offered favour; said the lad was in many ways useful to him; and hoped his honour would not insist upon depriving him of his assistance. This apology might perhaps have been sufficient with any other man than Mr. Tyrrel; but it was frequently observed of this gentleman that, when he had once formed a determination however slight in favour of any measure, he was never afterwards known to give it up, and that

the only effect of opposition was to make him eager and inflexible in pursuit of that to which he had before been nearly indifferent. At first he seemed to receive the apology of Hawkins with good humour, and to see nothing in it but what was reasonable; but afterwards every time he saw the boy his desire of retaining him in his service was increased, and he more than once repeated to his father the good disposition in which he felt himself towards him. At length he observed that the lad was no more to be seen mingling in his favourite sports, and he began to suspect that this originated in a determination to thwart him in his projects.

Roused by this suspicion, which was not of a nature with Mr. Tyrrel to brook a delay, he sent for Hawkins to confer with him. Hawkins, said he, in a tone of displeasure, I am not satisfied with you. I have spoken to you two or three times

times about this lad of yours, whom I am desirous of taking into favour. What is the reason, sir, that you seem unthankful and averse to my kindness? You ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. I shall not be contented, when I offer my favours to have them rejected by such fellows as you. I made you what you are; and, if I please, can make you more helpless and miserable than you were when I found you. Have a care!

An it please your honour, said Hawkins, you have been a very good master to me, and I will tell you the whole truth. I hope you will na be angry. This lad is my favourite, my comfort and the stay of my age.

Well, and what then? Is that a reason you should hinder his preferment?

Nay, pray your honour, hear me. I may be very weak for aught I know in this case, but I cannot help it. My father was a clergyman. We have all of

us

us lived in a creditable way ; and I cannot bear to think that this poor lad of mine should go to service. For my part, I do not see any good that comes of servants. God forgive me, if I am unjust ! But this is a very dear case, and I cannot bear to risk my poor boy's welfare, when I can so easily, if you please, keep him out of harm's way. At present he is sober and industrious, and, without being conceited or surly, knows what is due to him. I know your honour, that it is main foolish of me to talk to you thus ; but your honour has been a good master to me, and I cannot bear to tell you a lie.

Mr. Tyrrel had heard the whole of this harangue in silence, because he was too much astonished to open his mouth. If a thunderbolt had fallen unexpectedly at his feet, he could not have testified greater surprise. He had thought that Hawkins was so foolishly fond of his son
that

that he could not bear to trust him out of his presence, but had never in the slightest degree suspected what he now found to be the truth.

Oh, ho, you are a gentleman, are you? A pretty gentleman truly! Your father was a clergyman! Your family is too good to enter into my service! Why, you impudent rascal! was it for this that I took you up, when Mr. Underwood dismissed you for your insolence to him? Have I been nursing a viper in my bosom? Pretty master's manners will be contaminated truly! He will not know what is due to him, but will be accustomed to obey orders! You insufferable villain! Get out of my sight! Depend upon it, I will have no gentlemen on my estate! - I will off with them, root and branch, bag and baggage! So, do you hear, sir? come to me tomorrow morning, bring your son, and ask my pardon; or take my word for it, I will
make

make you so miserable, you shall wish you had never been born.

This treatment was too much for Hawkins's patience. There is no need, your honour, that I should come to you again about this affair. I have taken up my determination, and no accident or time can make any change in it. I am mainfory to displease your worship, and I know very well that you can do me a great deal of mischief. But I hope you will not be so hard hearted, as to ruin a father only for being fond of his child, even if so be that his fondness should make him do a foolish thing. But I cannot help it, your honour: you must do as you please. The poorest slave in the world has some point that he does not part with. I will lose all that I have, and go to day-labour, and my son too, if needs must; but I will not make a gentleman's servant of him.

Very

Very well, friend ; very well ! replied Tyrrel, foaming with rage. Depend upon it, I will remember you ! Your pride shall have a downfall ! God damn it ! is it come to this ? Shall a lousy rascal, that farms his forty acres, pretend to beard the lord of the manor ? I will tread you into paste ! Let me advise you, scoundrel, to shut up your house, and quit my estate, and fly as if the devil was behind you ! You may think yourself happy, if I be not too quick for you yet, if you escape in a whole skin ! I would not suffer such a villain to remain upon my land a day longer, if I could gain the Indies by it !

Not so fast, your honour, answered Hawkins sturdily. I hope you will think better of it, and see that I have not been to blame. But, if you should not, there is some harm that you can do me, and some harm that you cannot. Though I am a plain working man, your honour,

honour, do you see? yet I am a man still. No; I have got a lease of my farm, and I shall not quit it o'thaten. I hope there is some law for rich folk, as well as for poor ones.

Mr. Tyrrel, unused to contradiction, was provoked beyond bearing at the courage and independent spirit of his retainer. There was not a tenant upon his estate, or at least not one of Hawkins's mediocrity of fortune, whom the general policy of land owners, and still more the arbitrary and uncontrollable temper of Mr. Tyrrel, did not effectually restrain from acts of open defiance.

Excellent, upon my soul! God damn my blood! but you are a rare fellow. You have a lease, have you? You will not quit, not you! A pretty pass things are come to, if a lease can protect such fellows as you against the lord of a manor! But you are for a trial of skill, are you? Oh, very well, friend, very well!

With

With all my soul ! Since it is come to that, we will show you some pretty sport before we have done ! But get you out of my sight, you rascal ! I have not another word to say to you ! Never darken my doors again !

Hawkins, to borrow the language of the world, was guilty in this affair of a double imprudence. He talked to his landlord in a more peremptory manner than the constitution and practices of this country allow a dependent to assume. But above all, having been thus hurried away by his resentment, he ought to have foreseen the consequences. It was mere madness in him to think of contesting with a man of Mr. Tyrrel's eminence and fortune. It was a fawn contending with a lion. Nothing could have been more easy to predict, than that it was of no avail for him to have right on his side, when his adversary had influence and wealth, and therefore could so victoriously justify

justify any extravagancies that he might think proper to commit. This maxim was completely illustrated in the sequel. Wealth and despotism easily know how to engage those laws, which were perhaps at first intended [wileless and miserable precaution!] for the safeguards of the poor, as the coadjutors of their oppression.

From this moment Mr. Tyrrel was bent upon Hawkins's destruction; and he left no means unemployed that could either harass or injure the object of his persecution. He deprived him of his appointment of bailiff, and directed Barnes and his other dependents to do him ill offices upon all occasions. Mr. Tyrrel by the tenure of his manor was impropiator of the great tithes, and this circumstance afforded him frequent opportunities of petty altercation. The land of one part of Hawkins's farm, though covered with corn, was lower than the rest;

rest; and consequently exposed to occasional inundations from a river by which it was bounded. Mr. Tyrrel had a dam belonging to this river privately cut about a fortnight before the season of harvest, and laid the whole under water. He ordered his servants to pull away the fences of the higher ground during the night, and to turn in his cattle to the utter destruction of the crop. These expedients however applied to only one part of the property of this unfortunate man. But Mr. Tyrrel did not stop here. A sudden mortality took place among Hawkins's live stock, attended with very suspicious circumstances. Hawkins's vigilance was strongly excited by this event, and he at length succeeded in tracing the matter so accurately that he conceived he could bring it home to Mr. Tyrrel himself.

Hawkins had hitherto carefully avoided, notwithstanding the injuries he had suffered,

suffered, attempting to right himself by a legal process, being of opinion that law was better adapted for a weapon of tyranny in the hands of the rich, than for a shield to protect the humbler part of the community against their usurpations. In this last instance however he conceived that the offence was so atrocious as to make it impossible that any rank could protect the culprit against the severity of justice. In the sequel he saw reason to applaud himself for his former inactivity in this respect, and to repent that any motive had been strong enough to persuade him into a contrary system.

This was the very point to which Mr. Tyrrel wanted to bring him, and he could scarcely credit his good fortune, when he was told that Hawkins had entered an action. His congratulation upon this occasion was immoderate, as he now conceived that the ruin of his late favourite was irremediable. He
consulted

consulted his attorney, and urged him by every motive he could devise to employ the whole series of his subterfuges in the present affair. The direct repelling of the charge exhibited against him was the least part of his care; the business was, by affidavits, motions, pleas, demurrers, flaws and appeals, to protract the question from term to term and from court to court. It would, as Mr. Tyrrel argued, be the disgrace of a civilized country, if a gentleman, when insolently attacked in law by the scum of the earth, could not convert the cause into a question of the longest purse, and stick in the skirts of his adversary till he had reduced him to beggary.

Mr. Tyrrel however was by no means so far engrossed by his law-suit, as to neglect other methods of proceeding offensively against his tenant. Among the various expedients that suggested themselves there was one, which, though

it tended rather to torment than irreparably injure the sufferer, was not rejected. This was derived from the particular situation of Hawkins's house, barns, stacks and out-houses. These were placed at the extremity of a strip of land connecting them with the rest of the farm, and were surrounded on three sides by fields in the occupation of one of Mr. Tyrrel's tenants most devoted to the pleasures of his landlord. The road to the market town ran at the bottom of the largest of these fields, and was directly in view of the front of the house. No inconvenience had yet arisen from that circumstance, as there had been a broad path time out of mind, that intersected this field, and led directly from Hawkins's house to the road. This path, or private road, was now by concert of Mr. Tyrrel and his obliging tenant shut up, so as to make Hawkins a sort of prisoner in his own domains, and oblige him to

go near a mile about for the purposes of his traffic.

Young Hawkins, the lad who had been the original subject of dispute between his father and the squire, had much of his father's spirit, and felt an uncontrollable indignation against the successive acts of despotism of which he was a witness. His resentment of them was the greater, because the sufferings to which his parent was exposed, all of them, flowed from affection to him, at the same time that he could not propose removing the ground of dispute, as by so doing he would seem to fly in the face of his father's paternal kindness. Upon the present occasion, without asking any counsel but of his own impatient resentment, he went in the middle of the night and removed all the obstructions that had been placed in the way of the old path, broke the padlocks that had been fixed, and threw open the gates. In these operations he did not

proceed unobserved, and the next day a warrant was issued for apprehending him. He was accordingly carried before a bench of justices, and by them committed to the county jail, to take his trial for the burglary at the next assizes.

This was the finishing stroke to Hawkins's miseries : as he was not deficient in courage, he had stood up against his other persecutions without flinching. He was not unaware of the advantages which our laws and customs give to the rich over the poor in contentions of this kind. But, being once involved, there was a stubbornness in his nature that would not allow him to retract, and he suffered himself to hope rather than expect a favourable issue. But in this last event he was wounded in the point that was nearest his heart. He had feared to have his son contaminated and debased by a servile station, and he now saw him transferred to the seminary

of a jail. He was even uncertain as to the issue of his imprisonment, and trembled to think what the tyranny of wealth might effect to blast his hopes for ever.

From this moment his heart died within him. He had trusted to persevering industry and skill to save the wreck of his little property from the vulgar spite of his landlord. But he had now no longer any spirit to exert those efforts which his situation more than ever required. Mr. Tyrrel proceeded without remission in his machinations; Hawkins's affairs every day grew more desperate; and the squire, watching the occasion, took the earliest opportunity of seizing upon his remaining property in the mode of a distress for rent.

It was precisely in this stage of the affair that Mr. Falkland and Mr. Tyrrel accidentally met in a private road near the habitation of the latter. They were on horseback, and Mr. Falkland

was going to the house of the unfortunate tenant who seemed upon the point of perishing under his landlord's malice. He had been just made acquainted with the tale of this persecution. It had indeed been an additional aggravation of Hawkins's calamity that Mr. Falkland, whose interference might otherwise have saved him, had been absent from the neighbourhood for a considerable time. He had been three months in London, and from thence had gone to visit his estates in another part of the island. The proud and self-confident spirit of this poor fellow always disposed him to depend as long as possible upon his own exertions. He had avoided applying to Mr. Falkland, or indeed indulging himself in any manner in communicating and bewailing his hard hap, in the beginning of the contention; and, when the extremity grew more urgent, and he would have been willing to recede in some degree from the stubbornness

ness of his measures, he found it no longer in his power. After an absence of considerable duration Mr. Falkland at length returned somewhat unexpectedly; and, having learned among the first articles of country intelligence the distresses of this unfortunate yeoman, he resolved to ride over to his house the next morning, and surprise him with all the relief it was in his power to bestow.

At sight of Mr. Tyrrel in this unexpected rencounter, his face reddened with indignation. His first feeling, as he afterwards said, was to avoid him; but, finding that he must pass him, he conceived that it would be a want of spirit and desertion of duty not to acquaint him with his feelings on the present occasion.

Mr. Tyrrel, said he somewhat abruptly, I am sorry for a piece of news which it has just been my fortune to hear.

Well, sir, and what is that? What have I to do with your sorrow?

G 3

A great

A great deal, sir. It is caused by the distresses of a poor tenant of yours, Hawkins. If your steward have proceeded without your authority, I think it right to inform you of what he has done; and, if he have had your authority, I would gladly persuade you to think better of it.

Mr. Falkland, it would be quite as well if you would mind your own business, and leave me to mind mine. I want no monitor, and I will have none.

You mistake, Mr. Tyrrel; I am minding my own business. If I see you fall into a pit, it is my business to draw you out and save your life. If I see you pursuing a wrong line of conduct, it is my business to set you right and save your honour.

Zounds, sir, do not think to put any of your conundrums upon me! Is not the man my tenant? Is not my estate my own? What signifies calling it mine, if
I am

I am not to have the direction of it? Sir, I pay for what I have; I owe no man a penny; and I will not put my estate to nurse to you, nor the best he that wears a head.

Mr. Tyrrel, I do not dispute your authority; I do not desire to dictate to you; I simply wish to do you a good office.

Do not desire to dictate! no, nor you shall not, sir. How dare you attempt to stop me upon the king's highway!

Sir, I know that you bear me no good will. I am but an ill mediator in this case, and should not have sought you. But, thus thrust by accident in your way, I must have leave to tell you my thoughts.

True, sir, I hate you. And what I hate you most for is this damned impertinence of pretending to be wiser than every body else. Is not this a free country, and may not every body do as he likes?

Mr. Tyrrel, I know your humour,

and will bear as much as I can. What do you mean, sir, by a free country? I put no compulsion upon you. There is room enough; ride by me, if you please! Sir, I defy you not to hear me, while I tell you coolly and firmly, You are greatly to blame, and must change your mode of proceeding!

This is very extraordinary usage! Sir, I am not to blame. You know nothing about the matter. Do you think I will let a paltry fellow like this Hawkins insult me for nothing? Damn my soul, if I will not have the heart's blood of him!

It is very true, Mr. Tyrrel, that there is a distinction of ranks. I believe that distinction to be a good thing, and necessary to the peace of mankind. But, however necessary it may be, we must acknowledge that it puts some hardship upon the lower orders of society. It makes one's heart ache to think that one man is born to the inheritance of every superfluity,
while

while the whole share of another, without any demerit of his, is drudgery and starving; and that all this is indispensable. We that are rich, Mr. Tyrrel, must do every thing in our power to lighten the yoke of these unfortunate people. We must not use the advantage that accident has given us, with an unmerciful hand. Poor wretches! they are pressed almost beyond bearing as it is; and if we unfeelingly give another turn to the machine, they will be crushed into atoms.

This picture was not without its effect even upon the obdurate mind of Mr. Tyrrel.—Well, sir, I am no tyrant. I know very well that tyranny is a bad thing. But you do not infer from thence that these people are to do as they please, and never to meet with their deserts?

Mr. Tyrrel, I see that you are shaken in your animosity. Suffer me to hail the

new-born benevolence of your nature. Go with me to Hawkins. Do not let us talk of his deserts! poor fellow! he has suffered almost all that human nature can endure. Let your forgiveness upon this occasion be the earnest of good neighbourhood and friendship between you and me.

No, sir, I will not go. I own there is something in what you say. I always knew you had the wit to make good your own story, and tell a plausible tale. But I will not be come over thus. It has always been my character, when I had once conceived a scheme of vengeance never to forego it; and I will not change that character. I took up Hawkins when every body forsook him, and made a man of him; and the ungrateful rascal has only insulted me for my pains. Curse me, if ever I forgive him! It would be a good jest indeed, if I were to forgive the insolence of my own creature, at the desire

desire of a man like you that has been my perpetual plague.

For God's sake, Mr. Tyrrel, have some reason in your resentment! Let us suppose that Hawkins has behaved unjustifiably, and insulted you. Is that an offence that can never be expiated? Must the father be ruined, and the son hanged, to glut your resentment?

Damn me, sir, but you may talk your heart out; you shall get nothing of me. I shall never forgive myself for having listened to you for a moment. I will suffer nobody to stop the stream of my resentment; if I ever were to forgive him, it should be at nobody's intreaty but my own. But, sir, I never will. If he and all his family were at my feet, I would order them all to be hanged the next minute, if my power were as good as my will.

Very well, sir, I have done. I have only to tell you beforehand that such ty-

new-born benevolence of your nature. Go with me to Hawkins. Do not let us talk of his deserts! poor fellow! he has suffered almost all that human nature can endure. Let your forgiveness upon this occasion be the earnest of good neighbourhood and friendship between you and me.

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Very well, sir, I have done. I have only to tell you beforehand that such ty-

ranny as yours will make you the universal abhorrence of mankind. You may hug yourself in your wealth and impunity, but be sure the genuine sense of the world will pierce through all your intrenchments, and fully avenge those for whose blood you so cruelly thirst. Good day to you.

Such was the conference of Mr. Falkland and Mr. Tyrrel respecting this odious transaction. In one part it seemed to promise a more favourable issue. But the rooted depravity of the one, and perhaps the haughty impatience of the other, soon put an end to this agreeable prospect. For Mr. Tyrrel, the aversion he entertained for his accomplished neighbour hourly increased. It seemed as if, the more incontestibly his excellencies displayed themselves, the more bitter and inexpiable was the abhorrence he conceived for him. Having set out with contempt; and persuaded himself of the unpardonable

unpardonable injustice of those by whom Mr. Falkland was esteemed, he was probably anxious to exclude the evidence of his worth; and, as that evidence went on to increase, the struggle became more painful, and the situation more excruciating. In this respect the state of Mr. Tyrrel's mind was perhaps peculiarly critical; and, if we should allow ourselves to judge from the appearances exhibited in the present case, we should be apt to lay it down as a sort of general maxim, that the greatest criminal, when he perpetrates the most atrocious act, is upon the very eve of yielding to the energy of truth, and relinquishing for ever his odious designs.

Mr. Falkland departed from this conference with a confirmed disapprobation of the conduct of his neighbour, and an unalterable resolution to do every thing in his power to relieve the distresses of

Hawkins. But he was too late. When he arrived, he found the house already evacuated by its master. The family was removed nobody knew whither; Hawkins was absconded; and, what was still more extraordinary, the boy Hawkins had escaped on the very same day from the county jail. The enquiries Mr. Falkland set on foot after them were fruitless; no traces could be found of the catastrophe of these unhappy people. That catastrophe I shall have occasion shortly to relate; and it will be found pregnant with horror, beyond what the blackest misanthropy could readily have suggested.

I go on with my tale. I go on to relate those incidents in which my own fate was so mysteriously involved. The temper of Mr. Tyrrel, soured with perpetual disappointment, became every day more peevish, arrogant and morose.

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The reader has seen what it was in the commencement. But every thing has its limits beyond which it can augment no farther. I lift the curtain, and bring forward the last act of the tragedy.

C H A P. VII.

THE vices of Mr. Tyrrel, in their present state of augmentation, were peculiarly exercised upon his domestics and dependents. But the principal sufferer was miss Emily Melvile, the orphan daughter of his father's sister. Miss Melvile's mother had married unfortunately, or rather imprudently, against the consent of her relations, all of whom had agreed to withdraw their countenance from her in consequence of that precipitate step. Her husband had turned out to be no better than an adventurer; had spent her fortune, which in consequence of the irreconcilableness of her family was less than he expected, and broken her heart. Her infant daughter was left without any resource upon the wide world. In this situation the representations

tions of the people with whom she happened to be placed prevailed upon Mrs. Tyrrel, the mother of the squire, to receive her into her family. In equity perhaps she was entitled to that portion of fortune which her mother had forfeited by her imprudence, and which had gone to swell the property of the male representative. But this idea had never entered into the conceptions of either mother or son. Mrs. Tyrrel conceived that she performed an act of the most exalted benevolence in admitting miss Emily into a sort of amphibious situation, which was neither precisely that of a domestic, nor yet marked with the treatment that might seem due to one of the family.

She had not however at first been sensible of all the mortifications that might have been expected from her condition. Mrs. Tyrrel, though proud and imperious, was not ill-natured. The female,
who

who lived in the family in the capacity of housekeeper, was a person who had seen better days, and whose disposition was extremely upright and amiable. She early contracted a friendship for the little Emily, who was indeed for the most part committed to her care. Emily on her side fully repaid the affection of her instructress, and learned with great docility the little accomplishments Mrs. Jakeman was able to communicate. But most of all she imbibed her chearful and artless temper, that extracted the agreeable and encouraging from all events, and prompted her to communicate her sentiments, which were never of the cynical cast, without modification or disguise. Beside the advantages Emily derived from Mrs. Jakeman, she was permitted to take lessons from the masters who came to Tyrrel Place for the instruction of her cousin; and indeed, as the young gentleman was most frequently indisposed to attend

attend to them, they would commonly have had nothing to do, had it not been for the fortunate presence of miss Melville. Mrs. Tyrrel therefore encouraged the studies of Emily on that score; in addition to which she imagined that this living exhibition of instruction might operate as an indirect allurements to her darling Barnabas, the only species of motive she would suffer to be presented.

Emily, as she grew up, displayed an uncommon degree of sensibility, which under her circumstances would have been a source of perpetual dissatisfaction, had it not been qualified with an extreme sweetness and easiness of temper. She was far from being entitled to the appellation of a beauty. Her person was *petite* and trivial; her complexion favoured of the *brunette*; and her face was marked with the small pox, sufficiently to destroy its evenness and polish, though not enough to annihilate its expression.

But,

But, though her appearance was not beautiful, it did not fail to be in a high degree engaging. Her complexion was at once healthful and delicate; her long dark eye-brows adapted themselves with facility to the various conceptions of her mind; and her looks bore the united impression of an active discernment and a good-humoured frankness. The instruction she had received, as it was entirely of a casual nature, exempted her from the evils of untutored ignorance, but not from a sort of native wildness, arguing a mind incapable of guile itself, or of suspecting it in others. She amused, without seeming conscious of the refined sense which her observations contained: or rather, having never been debauched with applause, she set light by her own qualifications; and talked from the pure gaiety of a youthful heart acting upon the stores of a just understanding, and not

not with any expectation of being distinguished and admired.

The death of her aunt made very little change in her situation. This prudent lady, who would have thought it little less than sacrilege to have considered miss Melville as a branch of the stock of the Tyrrels, took no other notice of her in her will, than barely putting her down for a hundred pounds in a catalogue of legacies to her servants. She had never been admitted into the intimacy and confidence of Mrs. Tyrrel; and the young squire, now that she was left under his sole protection, seemed inclined to treat her with even more liberality than his mother had done. He had seen her grow up under his eye, and therefore, though there were but six years difference between their ages, he felt a kind of paternal interest in her welfare. Habit had rendered her in a manner necessary to him, and in every
recess

recess from the occupations of the field and the pleasures of the table, he found himself solitary and forlorn without the society of miss Melvile. Nearness of kindred and Emily's want of personal beauty prevented him from ever looking on her with the eyes of desire. Her accomplishments were chiefly of the customary and superficial kind, dancing and music. Her skill in the first led him sometimes to indulge her with a vacant corner in his carriage when he went to the neighbouring assembly; and, in whatever light he might himself think proper to regard her, he would have imagined his chambermaid, introduced by him, entitled to an undoubted place in the most splendid circle. Her musical talents were frequently employed for his amusement. She had the honour occasionally of playing him to sleep after the fatigues of the chace; and as he had some relish for harmonious sounds, she

was

was frequently able to soothe him by their means from the perturbations of which his gloomy disposition was so eminently a slave. Upon the whole she might be considered as in some sort his favourite. She was the mediator to whom his tenants and domestics, when they had incurred his displeasure, were accustomed to apply; the privileged companion that could handle this lion with impunity in the midst of his roarings. She spoke to him without fear; her solicitations were always good-natured and disinterested; and, when he repulsed her, he disarmed himself of half his terrors, and was contented to smile at her presumption.

Such had been for some years the situation of miss Melvile. Its precariousness had been beguiled, by the cheerfulness of her own temper, and the uncommon forbearance with which she was treated by her savage protector. But
his

his disposition, always brutal, had acquired a new degree of ferocity since the settlement of Mr. Falkland in his neighbourhood. He occasionally forgot the gentleness with which he had been accustomed to treat his good-natured cousin. Her little playful arts were not always successful in softening his rage; and he would sometimes turn upon her blandishments with an impatient sternness that made her tremble. The careless ease of her disposition however soon effaced these impressions, and she fell without variation into her old habits.

A circumstance occurred about this time which put an end to the felicity, that miss Melville in spite of the frowns of fortune had hitherto enjoyed. Emily was exactly seventeen when Mr. Falkland returned from the continent. At this age she was peculiarly susceptible of the charms of beauty, grace and moral excellence, when united in a person of the
other

other sex. She was imprudent, precisely because her own heart was incapable of guile. She had never yet felt the sting of the poverty to which she was condemned, and had not reflected on the insuperable distance that fortune has placed between the opulent and the poorer classes of the community. She beheld Mr. Falkland, whenever he was thrown in her way at any of the public meetings with admiration; and, without having precisely explained to herself the sentiments she indulged, her eyes followed him through all the changes of the scene with eagerness and impatience. She did not see him, as the rest of the assembly did, born to one of the amplest estates in the county, and qualified to assert his title to the richest heiress. She thought only of Falkland, with those advantages which were most intimately his own, and of which no persecution of adverse fortune had the ability to deprive him. In

a word she was transported when he was present; he was the perpetual subject of her reveries and her dreams; but his image excited no sentiment in her mind beyond that of the immediate pleasure annexed to the idea.

The notice Mr. Falkland had taken of her in return appeared sufficiently encouraging to a mind so full of prepossession as that of Emily. There was a particular complacency in his looks when directed towards her. He had said in a company, of which one of the persons present repeated his remarks to miss Melville, that she appeared to him amiable and interesting, that he felt for her unprovided and destitute situation, and that he should have been glad to be more particular in his notice of her, had he not been apprehensive of doing her a prejudice in the suspicious mind of Mr. Tyrrel. All this she treated as the ravishing condescension of a superior nature;

ture; for, if she did not recollect with sufficient assiduity his gifts of fortune, she was on the other hand filled with reverence for his unrivalled accomplishments. But, while she thus seemingly disclaimed all comparison between Mr. Falkland and herself, she probably cherished a confused idea that some event was yet in the womb of fate which might reconcile things apparently the most incompatible. Fraught with these prepossessions, the civilities that had once or twice occurred in the bustle of a public circle, the restoring her fan which she had dropped, or the discommoding her of an empty tea-cup, made her heart palpitate, and gave birth to the wildest chimeras in her deluded imagination.

About this time an event happened that helped to give a precise determination to the fluctuations of miss Melville's mind. One evening, a short time after the death of Mr. Clare, Mr.

Falkland had been to the house of his deceased friend in his quality of executor, and by some accidents of little intrinsic importance had been detained three or four hours later than he intended. He did not set out upon his return till two o'clock in the morning. At this time, in a situation so remote from the metropolis, every thing is as silent as it would be in a region wholly uninhabited. The moon shone bright, and the objects around, being marked with strong variations of light and shade at the same time that they were not distinctly seen, gave a kind of sacred solemnity to the scene. Mr. Falkland had taken Collins with him, the business to be settled at Mr. Clare's being in some respects similar to that to which this faithful domestic had been accustomed in the routine of his ordinary service. They had entered into some conversation, for Mr. Falkland was not then in
the

the habit of obliging the persons about him by formality and reserve to recollect who he was. The attractions of the scene made them break off the talk somewhat abruptly, that they might enjoy it without interruption. They had not rode far, before a hollow wind seemed to rise at a distance, and they could hear the hoarse roarings of the sea. Presently the sky on one side assumed the appearance of a reddish brown, and a sudden angle in the road placed this phenomenon directly before them. As they proceeded it became more distinct, and it was at length sufficiently visible that it was occasioned by a fire. Mr. Falkland put spurs to his horse; and, as they approached, the object presented every instant a more tremendous appearance. The flames ascended with fierceness; they embraced a large portion of the horizon; and, as they carried up along with them numerous little fragments of the mate-

rials that fed them, impregnated with fire, and of an extremely bright and luminous colour, they presented no inadequate image of the eruption of a volcano.

The flames proceeded from a village directly in their road. There were eight or ten houses already on fire, and the whole seemed to be threatened with immediate destruction. The inhabitants were in the utmost consternation, having had no previous experience of a similar calamity. They conveyed with haste their moveables and furniture into the adjoining fields, the whole surface of which was heated to an uncommon degree. When any of them had effected this as far as it could be attempted with safety, they were unable to conceive any farther remedy, but stood wringing their hands and contemplating the ravages of the fire in an agony of powerless despair. The water that could be procured in any mode

mode practised in that place, was but as a drop contending with a whole element in arms. The wind in the meantime was rising, and the flames spread with more and more rapidity.

Mr. Falkland contemplated this scene for a few minutes, as if ruminating with himself as to what could be done. He then directed some of the country people about him to pull down a house, next to one that was wholly on fire, but which itself was not yet touched. They seemed astonished at a direction which implied a voluntary destruction of property, and considered the task as too much in the heart of the danger to be undertaken. Observing that they were motionless, he dismounted from his horse, and called upon them in an authoritative voice to follow him. He ascended the house in an instant, and presently appeared upon the top of it as if in the midst of the flames. Having, with the assistance of

two or three of the persons that followed him most closely, and who by this time had supplied themselves with whatever tools came next to hand, loosened the support of a stack of chimnies, he pushed them headlong into the midst of the fire. He passed and repassed along the roof; and, having set people to work on all parts, descended in order to see what could be done in any other quarter.

At this moment an elderly woman burst from the midst of a house in flames. The utmost consternation was painted in her looks; and, as soon as she could recollect herself enough to have a proper idea of her situation, the subject of her anxiety seemed in an instant to be totally changed. Where is my child? cried she, and cast an anxious and piercing look among the surrounding crowd. Oh, she is lost! she is in the midst of the flames! Save her! save her! my child! She filled the air with heart-rending shrieks. She

turned towards the house. The people that were near endeavoured to prevent her, but she shook them off in a moment. She entered the passage; viewed the hideous ruin; and was then going to plunge into the blazing stair case. Mr. Falkland seized her arm; it was Mrs. Jakeman. Stop! he cried, with a voice that seemed more than human. Stay you here! I will seek, I will save her! He charged the attendants to detain Mrs. Jakeman; he enquired which was the apartment of Emily. Mrs. Jakeman was upon a visit to a sister who lived in the village, and had brought Emily along with her. Mr. Falkland ascended a neighbouring house; entered that in which Emily was, by a window in the roof; and in two minutes re-appeared with his lovely burthen in his arms. Having restored her to her affectionate protector snatched from the immediate grasp of death, from which, if he had not, none

would have delivered her, he returned to his former task. By his presence of mind, by his indefatigable humanity and incessant exertions, he saved three-fourths of the village from destruction. The conflagration being at length abated, he sought again Mrs. Jakeman and Emily. He displayed the tenderest solicitude for the young lady's safety, and directed Collins to go with as much speed as he could, and send his chariot to attend her. More than an hour elapsed in this interval. Miss Melville had never seen so much of Mr. Falkland upon any former occasion, and the spectacle of such humanity, delicacy, firmness and justice in the form of man, as he crowded into this small space, was both altogether new to her, and in the highest degree fascinating. Emily no sooner arrived at the family mansion, than Mr. Tyrrel ran out to receive her. He had just heard of the melancholy accident that had taken place at

the village, and was terrified for the safety of his good-humoured cousin. He displayed those unpremeditated emotions which are common to almost every individual of the human race. He was greatly shocked at the suspicion that Emily might possibly have become the victim of a catastrophe which had thus broken out in the very dead of night. His sensations were of the most pleasing sort, when he folded her in his arms and fearful apprehension was instantaneously converted into joyous certainty. Emily no sooner entered the well-known roof, than she forgot all she had suffered; her spirits were brisk, and her tongue incessant in describing her danger and her deliverance. Mr. Tyrrel had formerly been tortured with the innocent eulogiums she pronounced of Mr. Falkland. But these were tameness itself, compared with the rich and various eloquence that now flowed from her lips. She described his

H 6 activity.

activity and his resources, the promptitude with which every thing was conceived, and the cautious, but daring wisdom with which it was executed. All was fairy land and enchantment in the tenour of her artless tale; you saw a beneficent genius surveying and controlling the whole, but could have no notion of any human means by which his purposes were effected.

Mr. Tyrrel listened for a while to these innocent effusions with patience; he could even bear to hear the man applauded by whom he had just obtained so considerable a benefit. But the theme by amplification became nauseous, and he was at length obliged with some roughness to put an end to the tale. Probably upon recollection it appeared still more insolent and intolerable than while it was passing; the sensation of gratitude wore off, but the hyperbolical praise that had been bestowed still haunted his memory, and
founded

sounded in his ear : Emily seemed to have entered into the confederacy that disturbed his repose. As for the young lady herself, she was wholly unconscious of the offence that had been given, and upon every occasion quoted Mr. Falkland as the model of elegant manners and true wisdom. She was a total stranger to dissimulation ; and she could not conceive that any body beheld the object of her admiration with less partiality than her inexperienced heart had entertained. Meanwhile her artless love became more fervent than ever. She flattered herself that nothing less than a reciprocal passion could have prompted Mr. Falkland to the desperate attempt of saving her from the flames ; and she trusted that this passion would speedily burst the barriers of silence, as well as induce the object of her affection to overlook her comparative unworthiness.

Mr. Tyrrel endeavoured at first to
check

check miss Melville in her applauses, and to convince her by various tokens that the subject was disagreeable to him. Emily was accustomed to yield implicit and unreluctant obedience, and therefore it was not difficult to restrain her; but upon the very next occasion her favourite topic would force its way to her lips. Her obedience was the acquiescence of a frank and benevolent heart; but it was the most difficult thing in the world to inspire her with fear. Conscious herself that she would not hurt a worm, she could not conceive that any one would harbour cruelty and rancour against her. Her temper preserved her from obstinate contention with the persons under whose protection she was placed; and, as her compliance was unhesitating, she had had no experience of a severe and rigorous treatment. As Mr. Tyrrel's objection to the very name of Falkland became more palpable and uniform, miss Melville increased.

creased in her precaution. She would stop herself in the half-pronounced sentences that were meant to his praise. This circumstance had necessarily an ungracious effect; it was a cutting satire upon the imbecility of her kinsman. Upon these occasions she would sometimes venture upon a good-humoured expostulation: Dear sir! well, I wonder how you can be so ill-natured! I am sure Mr. Falkland would do you any good office in the world: till she was checked by some gesture of impatience and fierceness.

At length she wholly conquered her heedlessness and inattention. But it was now too late. Mr. Tyrrel already suspected the existence of that passion which she had thoughtlessly imbibed. His imagination, ingenious in torment, suggested to him all the different openings in conversation in which she would have introduced the praise of Mr. Falkland, had she

she not been placed under this unnatural restraint. Her present reserve upon the subject was more insufferable than even her former loquacity. All his kindness for this unhappy orphan gradually subsided. Her partiality for the man who of all others was most the object of his hatred, appeared to him as the last persecution of a malicious destiny. He figured himself as about to be deserted by every creature in human form, all men under the influence of a fatal enchantment approving only what was sophisticated and artificial, and holding the rude and genuine offspring of nature in mortal antipathy. Impressed with these gloomy presages, he saw Miss Melville with no sentiments but those of rancorous abhorrence; and, accustomed as he was to the uncontrolled indulgence of all his propensities, determined to wreak upon her a signal revenge.

C H A P. VIII.

MR. TYRREL consulted his old confident respecting the plan he should pursue, who on his part felt no compunction upon the subject, nor had any idea that an insignificant girl, without either wealth or beauty, ought to be allowed for a moment to stand in the way of the gratifications of a man of Mr. Tyrrel's importance. The first idea of her now unrelenting kinsman was to thrust her from his doors, and leave her to seek her bread in the wide world. But he was conscious that this proceeding would involve him in considerable obloquy; and he at length fixed upon a scheme which, at the same time that he believed it would sufficiently shelter his reputation, would much more certainly secure her mortification and punishment.

For

For this purpose he fixed upon a young man of twenty, the son of one Grimes, who occupied a small farm the property of his confident. This fellow he resolved to impose as a husband on miss Melville, who he shrewdly suspected, guided by the tender sentiments she had unfortunately conceived for Mr. Falkland, would listen with reluctance to any matrimonial proposal. Grimes he selected as being in all respects the diametrical reverse of Mr. Falkland. He was not precisely a lad of vicious propensities, but in an inconceivable degree boorish and uncouth. His complexion was scarcely human; his features were coarse, and strangely discordant and disjointed from each other. His lips were thick, and the tone of his voice broad and unmodulated. His legs were of equal size from one end to the other, and his feet misshapen and clumsy. He had nothing spiteful or malicious in his disposition, but he was a
total

total stranger to tenderness; he could not feel for those refinements in others, of which he had no experience in himself. He was an expert boxer; his inclination led him to such amusements as were most boisterous; and he delighted in a sort of manual sarcasm, which he could not conceive to be very injurious, as it left no traces behind it. His general manners were noisy and obstreperous; inattentive to others; and obstinate and unyielding, not from any cruelty and ruggedness of temper, but from an incapacity to conceive those finer feelings that make so large a part of the history of persons who are cast in a gentler mould.

Such was the uncouth and half-civilised animal which the industrious malice of Mr. Tyrrel fixed upon as most happily adapted to his purpose. Emily had hitherto been in an unusual degree exempted from the oppression of despotism. Her happy insignificance had served her as a
protection.

protection. No one thought it worth his while to fetter her with those numerous petty restrictions, with which the daughters of opulence are commonly tormented. She had the wildness as well as the delicate frame of the bird that warbles unmolested in its native groves.

When therefore she heard from her kinsman the proposal of Mr. Grimes for a husband, she was for a moment silent with astonishment at so unexpected a suggestion. But, as soon as she recovered her speech, she replied : No, sir, I thank you. Bless me ! I do not want a husband : I am but a child.

You are a woman ! Are not you always hankering after the men ? It is high time you should be settled.

Mr. Grimes is such a strange man. Why, I do not know what he is like ! He is like for all the world a great huge porpuss. No, I thank you ! when I do
have

have a husband, it shall not be such a man as Grimes neither.

Be silent! How dare you give your tongue such unaccountable liberties?

Well, I wonder what I should do with him. Why, it is like as if you should give me your great rough water-dog, and bid me make him a silk cushion to lie in my dressing-room. Beside, sir, Grimes is a common labouring man, and I am sure I have always heard my aunt say that ours is a very great family.

It is a lie! Our family? Have you the impudence to think yourself one of our family?

Lord, sir! I was not your grandpapa my grandpapa? And how then can we be of a different family?

For a damned strong reason. You are the daughter of a rascally Scotchman, who spent every shilling of my aunt Hannah's fortune, and left you a beggar. You have got a hundred pounds, and

Grimes's

Grimes's father promises to give him as much. How dare you look down upon your equals?

Nay, now, sir, I am sure I am not proud. But indeed and indeed, sir, I can never love Mr. Grimes: Dear, dear! he is more like a cart-horse than a husband. I am very happy as I am. I love you, and I love Mrs. Jakeman: why should I be married?

Cease your prating! Grimes will be here this afternoon. Look that you behave well to him. If you do not, he will remember and repay when you least like it.

Now, I am sure, sir, you—you are not in earnest?

Not in earnest! Damn me but we will see that. I can tell what you would be at. You had rather be Mr. Falkland's miss, than the wife of a plain downright yeoman. But I shall take care of you.—Aye, this comes of indulgence.

gence. You must be taken down, miss. You must be taught the difference between high flown notions and realities. Mayhap you may take it a little in dudgeon or so. But never mind that. Pride always wants a little smarting. If you should be brought to shame, it is I that shall bear all the blame of it.

The tone in which Mr. Tyrrel spoke was so different from any thing to which miss Melville had been accustomed, that she felt herself wholly unable to determine what construction to put upon it. Sometimes she thought he had really formed a plan for imposing upon her a condition, that she could not bear so much as to think of. But presently she rejected this idea as an unworthy imputation upon her kinsman, and concluded that it was only his way, and that all he meant was to try her. To be resolved however she determined to consult her constant adviser, Mrs. Jakeman, and accordingly repeated

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to her what had passed. Mrs. Jakeman saw the whole in a very different light from that in which Emily had conceived it, and trembled for the future peace of her beloved ward.

Lord bless me, my dear mamma! cried Emily, (this was the appellation she delighted to bestow upon the good house-keeper) sure you cannot think so. But I do not care. I will never marry. Grimes let them do as they will.

But how will you help yourself? My master will oblige you.

Nay, now you think you are talking to a child indeed. It is I am to have the man, not Mr. Tyrrel. Do you think I will let any body else choose a husband for me? I am not such a fool as that neither.

Ah, Emily! you little know the disadvantages of your situation. Your cousin is a violent man, and perhaps will turn you out of doors, if you oppose him.

Oh,

Oh, mamma, it is very wicked of you to say so. I am sure Mr. Tyrrel is a very good man, though he be a little cross now and then. He knows very well that I am right to have a will of my own in such a thing as this, and nobody is punished for doing what is right.

Nobody ought, my dear child. But there are very wicked and tyrannical men in the world.

Well, well, I will never believe that my cousin is one of those.

I hope he is not.

And, if he were, what then? To be sure I should be very sorry to make him angry.

What then? Why then my poor, dear Emily would be a beggar. Do you think I could bear to see that?

No, no. Mr. Tyrrel has just told me that I have a hundred pounds. But, if I had no fortune at all, is not that the case with a thousand other folks? Why

should I grieve, for what they bear and are merry? Do not make yourself uneasy, mamma. I am determined that I will do any thing rather than marry Grimes however; that is what I will.

Mrs. Jakeman could not bear the uneasy state of suspense in which this conversation left her mind, and went immediately to the squire to have her doubts resolved. The manner in which she proposed the question sufficiently indicated the judgment she had formed of the match in question.

That is true, said Mr. Tyrrel, I wanted to speak to you about this affair. The girl has got unaccountable notions in her head, that will be the ruin of her. You perhaps can tell where she had them. But, be that as it may, it is high time something should be done. The shortest way is the best, and to keep things well while they are well. In short I am determined she shall marry this lad: you do
not

not know any harm of him, do you? You have a good deal of influence with her, and I desire, do you see? that you will employ it to lead her to her good: you had best, I can tell you. She is a pert vixen! By and by she would be a whore, and at last no better than a common trull, and rot upon a dunghil, if I were not at all these pains to save her from destruction. I would make her an honest farmer's wife, and my pretty miss cannot bear the thoughts of it!

In the afternoon Grimes came according to appointment, and was left alone with the young lady. Well, miss, said he, it seems the squire has a mind to make us man and wife. For my part, I cannot say I should have thought of it. But, being as how the squire has broke the ice, if so be as you like of the match, why I am your man. Say the word; a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse;

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and

and then, do you see, why there is no more to be said.

Emily was already sufficiently mortified at the unexpected proposal of Mr. Tyrrel. She was confounded at the novelty of the situation, and still more at the uncultivated rudeness of her lover, which even exceeded her expectation. This confusion was interpreted by Grimes into diffidence.

Come, come, never be cast down. Put a good face upon it. What though? My first sweetheart was Bet Butterfield, but what of that? What must be must be; grief will never fill the belly. She was a fine strapping wench, that is the truth of it! Five foot ten inches, and as stout as a trooper. Oh, she would do a power of work! Up early and down late; milked ten cows with her own hands; on with her cardinal, rode to market between her panniers, fair weather and foul, hail, blow or snow. It would have done
your

your heart good to have seen her frost-bitten cheeks, as red as a befen from her own orchard ! Ah, she was a maid of mettle ; would romp with the harvest men, slap one upon the back, wrestle with another, and had a rogue's trick and a joke for all round. Poor girl ! she broke her neck down stairs at a christening. To be sure I shall never meet with her fellow ! But never you mind that ! I do not doubt that I shall find more in you upon farther acquaintance. As coy and bashful as you seem, I dare say you are rogue enough at bottom. When I have touzled and rumped you a little, we shall see. I am no chicken, miss, whatever you may think me. I know what is what, and can see as far into a millstone as another, Ay, ay ; you will come to. The fish will snap at the bait, never doubt it. Yes, yes, we shall rub on main well together.

Emily by this time had in some degree mustered up her spirits, and began,

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though

though with hesitation, to thank Mr. Grimes for his good opinion, but to confess that she could never be brought to favour his addresses. She therefore intreated him to desist from all farther application. This remonstrance on her part would have become more intelligible, had it not been for his boisterous manners and extravagant cheerfulness, which indisposed him to silence, and made him suppose that at half a word he had a sufficient intimation of another's meaning. Mr. Tyrrel in the mean time took care to interrupt the scene before they could have time to proceed far in explanation, and was studious in the sequel to prevent the young folks from being too intimately acquainted with each other's inclinations. Grimes of consequence attributed all the reluctance of miss Melvile to maiden coyness, and the skittish shyness of an unbroken colt. Indeed had it been otherwise, it is not probable that it would have
made

made any effectual impresson upon him ; as he was always accustomed to talk of women as made for the recreation of the men, and to exclaim against the ill-judged weakness of people who taught them to imagine that they were entitled to judge for themselves.

As the suit proceeded and miss Melville saw more of her new admirer, her antipathy increased. But, though her character was unspoiled by those false wants which frequently make people of family miserable while they have every thing that nature requires within their reach, yet she had been little used to opposition, and was really terrified by the growing sternness of her kinsman. Sometimes she thought of flying from a house which was now become her dungeon ; but the habits of her youth, and her ignorance of the world made her shrink from this project when she contemplated it more nearly. Mrs. Jakeman indeed could not think

with patience of young Grimes as a husband for her darling Emily, but her prudence determined her to resist with all her might the idea on the part of the young lady of proceeding to extremities. She could not believe that Mr. Tyrrel would persist in such an unaccountable persecution, and she exhorted miss Melville to forget for a moment the unaffected independence of her character, and pathetically to deprecate Mr. Tyrrel's obstinacy. She had great confidence in the ingenuous eloquence of her ward. Mrs. Jakeman did not know what was passing in the mind of the tyrant.

Miss Melville complied with the suggestion of her mamma. One morning immediately after breakfast she went to her harpsichord, and played one after another several of those airs that were most the favourites of Mr. Tyrrel. Mrs. Jakeman was retired; the servants were gone to their respective employments.

Mr.

Mr. Tyrrel would have gone also ; his mind was untuned, and he did not take the pleasure he had been accustomed to take in the musical performances of Emily. But her finger was now more tasteful than common. Her mind was probably wrought up to a firmer and bolder tone by the recollection of the cause she was going to plead, at the same time that it was exempt from those incapacitating tremors which would have been felt by one that dared not look poverty in the face. Mr. Tyrrel was unable to leave the apartment. Sometimes he traversed it with impatient step ; then he hung over the poor innocent whose powers were exerted to please him ; at length he threw himself in a chair opposite, with his eyes turned towards Emily. It was easy to trace the progress of his emotions. The furrows into which his countenance was contracted were gradually relaxed ; his features were bright-

ened into a smile; the kindness with which he had upon former occasions contemplated Emily seemed to revive in his heart.

Emily watched her opportunity. As soon as she had finished one of the pieces, she rose and went to Mr. Tyrrel.

Now have not I done it nicely? And after all this will not you give me a reward?

A reward! Ay, come here, and I will give you a kiss.

Pooh! no, that is not it. And yet you have not kissed me this many a day. Formerly you said you loved me, and called me your Emily. I am sure you did not love me better than I loved you. You would not make me miserable, would you?

Miserable! how can you ask such a question? But have a care! Do not put me out of humour. Do not come with any of your romantic notions now.

No,

No, no. I had no romantic notions in my head. I want to speak to you about something upon which the happiness of my life depends.

I know what you would be at. Be silent. You know it is to no purpose to plague me with your stubbornness. You will not let me be in good humour with you for a moment. What my mind is determined on about Grimes, all the world shall not move me to give up.

Dear, dear cousin, why do but consider now. Grimes is a rough rustic lout, like Orson in the story-book. He wants a wife like himself. He would be as uneasy and as much at a loss with me, as I with him. Why should we both of us be forced to do what neither of us is inclined to? I cannot think what could ever have put it in your head. But now, for goodness' sake, give it up. Marriage is a serious thing. You should not think of joining two people for a

I 6 whim,

whim, who are neither of them fit for one another in any respect in the world. We should feel mortified and disappointed all our lives. Month would go after month, and year after year, and I could never hope to be my own but by the death of a person I ought to love. I am sure, sir, you cannot mean me all this harm. What have I done, that I should deserve to have you for this enemy?

I am not your enemy. I tell you that it is necessary to put you out of harm's way. But, if I were your enemy, I could not be a worse torment to you than you are to me. Are not you continually singing the praises of Falkland? Are not you in love with Falkland? That man is a legion of devils to me! Plausible and empty himself, he cheats every body, he crosses me in all my wishes; he runs away with the applause of the men, and the admiration of your foolish sex. An unspoiled, genuine country-gentleman

gentleman has no chance with him. I might as well have been a beggar! I might as well have been a dwarf or a monster! Time was when I was thought entitled to respect. But now, debauched by this Frenchified rascal, they call me rude, surly, brutal, a tyrant! It is true that I cannot talk in these finical phrases, flatter people with hypocritical praise, or suppress the real feelings of my mind! The scoundrel knows all his pitiful advantages, and insults me upon them without ceasing. He is my rival and my persecutor. And at last, as if all this were not enough, he has found means to spread the pestilence in my own family. You, whom we took up out of charity, the chance-born brat of a stolen marriage! you, must turn upon your benefactor, and wound me in the point where of all others I could least bear it. If I were your enemy, should I not have reason? Could I ever inflict upon you such injuries

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injuries as you have made me suffer? And who are you? The lives of twenty such as you cannot atone for an hour of my uneasiness. If you were to linger for twenty years upon the rack, you would never feel what I have felt. But I am your friend. I see which way you are going, and I am determined to save you from the thief, the hypocritical destroyer of us all. Every moment that the mischief is left to itself it does but make bad worse, and I am determined to save you out of hand.

The angry expostulations of Mr. Tyrrel suggested new ideas to the tender mind of Miss Melville. He had never confessed the emotions of his soul so explicitly before; but the growing tempest of his thoughts suffered him to be no longer master of himself. She saw with astonishment that he was the irreconcilable foe of Mr. Falkland, whom she fondly imagined it was the same thing to know

know and admire; and that he harboured a deep and rooted resentment against herself. She recoiled without well knowing why before the ferocious passions of her kinsman, and was convinced that she had nothing to hope from his implacable temper. But her alarm was the prelude of firmness and not of cowardice.

No, sir, replied she, indeed I will not be driven any way that you happen to like. I have been used to obey you, and in any thing that is reasonable I will obey you still. But you urge me a little too far. Why do you tell me of Mr. Falkland? Have I ever done any thing to deserve your unkind suspicions? I am innocent, and will continue innocent. Mr. Grimes is well enough, and will no doubt find women that like him. But he is not fit for me, and torture shall not force me to be his wife.

Mr. Tyrrel was not a little astonished at the spirit which Emily displayed upon
this

this occasion. He had calculated too securely upon the general mildness and suavity of her disposition. He now endeavoured to qualify the harshness of his former sentiments.

God damn my soul! And so you can scold, can you? You expect every body to turn out of his way, and fetch and carry, just as you please? I could find in my heart to break your heart. But you know my mind. I insist upon it that you let Grimes court you, and that you lay aside your sulks, and give him a fair hearing. Will you do that? If then you persist in your wilfulness, why there, I suppose, is an end of the matter. Do not think that any body is going to marry you, whether you will or no. You are no such mighty prize, I assure you. If you knew your own interest, you would be glad to take the young fellow, while he is willing.

Miss Melville rejoiced in the prospect
which

which the last words of her kinsman afforded her, of a termination at no great distance to her present persecutions. Mrs. Jakeman, to whom she communicated them, congratulated Emily on the returning moderation and good sense of the squire, and herself on her prudence in having urged the young lady to this happy *expostulation*. But their mutual felicitations lasted not long. Mr. Tyrrel informed Mrs. Jakeman of the necessity in which he found himself of sending her to a distance upon a business which would not fail to detain her several weeks; and, though the errand by no means wore an artificial or ambiguous face, the two friends drew a melancholy presage from this ill-timed separation. Mrs. Jakeman in the mean time exhorted her ward to persevere, reminded her of the compunction which had already been manifested by her kinsman, and encouraged her to hope every thing from her
courage

courage and good temper. Emily on her part, though grieved at the absence of her protector and counsellor at so interesting a crisis, was unable to suspect Mr. Tyrrel of such a degree either of malice or duplicity as could afford ground for serious alarm. She congratulated herself upon her delivery from so alarming a persecution, and drew a prognostic of future success from this happy termination of the first serious affair of her life. She exchanged a state of fortitude and alarm for her former pleasing dreams respecting Mr. Falkland. These she bore without impatience. She was even taught by the uncertainty of the event to desire to prolong rather than abridge a situation, which might be delusive, but was not without its pleasures.

C H A P. IX.

NOTHING could be farther from Mr. Tyrrel's intention than to suffer his project to be thus terminated. No sooner was he wholly freed from the fear of his housekeeper's interference, than he changed the whole system of his conduct. He ordered miss Melvile to be closely confined to her own apartment, and deprived of all the means of communicating her situation to any one out of his own house. He placed over her a female servant in whose discretion he could confide, and who, having formerly been honoured with some amorous notices from the squire, considered the distinctions that were paid to Emily at Tyrrel Place as an usurpation upon her more reasonable claims. The squire himself did
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every thing in his power to blast the young lady's reputation, and represented to his attendants all these precautions as necessary, to prevent her from eloping to his neighbour, and plunging herself in total ruin.

As soon as miss Melville had been twenty-four hours in durance, and there was some reason to suppose that her spirit might be subdued to the emergency of her situation, Mr. Tyrrel thought proper to go to her, to explain the grounds of her present treatment, and acquaint her with the only means by which she could hope for any change. Emily no sooner saw him, than she turned towards him with an air of greater firmness than perhaps she had ever assumed in her life, and accosted him thus :

Well, sir, is it you ? I wanted to see you. It seems I am shut up here by your orders. What does this mean ? What right have you to make a prisoner of

of me? What do I owe you? Your mother left me a hundred pounds: have you ever offered to make any addition to my fortune? But, if you had, I do not want it. I do not pretend to be better than the children of other poor parents; I can maintain myself as they do. I prefer liberty to wealth. I see you are surpris'd at the resolution I exert. But ought I not to turn again, when I am trampled upon? I should have left you before now, if Mrs. Jakeman had not overpersuaded me, and if I had not thought better of you than by your present behaviour I find you deserve. But now, sir, I intend to leave your house this moment, and I insist upon it that you do not endeavour to prevent me. /

Thus saying, she arose, and went towards the door, while Mr. Tyrrel stood thunderstruck at her magnanimity. Seeing however that she was upon the point
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of being out of the reach of his power, he recovered himself, and pulled her back.

What is in the wind now? Do you think, you nasty strumpet, that you shall get the better of me by sheer impudence? Sit down! rest you satisfied!—So you want to know by what right you are here, do you? By the right of possession. This house is mine, and you are in my power. There is no Mrs Jakeman now to spirit you away; no, nor no Mr. Falkland to bully for you. Damn me, I have countermined you, and blown up all your schemes. Do you think I want any other right, to punish an audacious rebel like you? Do you think I will be contradicted and opposed for nothing? When did you ever know any body resist my will without being made to repent? And shall I now see myself brow-beaten by a chitty-faced girl? I am not come to that neither.—I have not given

you a fortune? Damn you, who brought you up? I will make you a bill for clothing and lodging. Do not you know that every creditor has a right to stop his runaway debtor? You may think as you please; but here you are till you marry Grimes. Heaven and earth shall not prevent but I will get the better of your obstinacy yet.

Ungenerous, unmerciful man! and so it is enough for you that I have nobody to defend me! But I am not so helpless as you may imagine. You may imprison my body, but you cannot conquer my mind. Marry Mr. Grimes! And is this the way to bring me to your purpose? Every hardship I suffer puts still farther distant the end for which I am thus unjustly treated. You are not used to have your will contradicted! When did I ever contradict it? And in an affair that is so completely my own concern shall my will go for nothing?

Are

Are you not ashamed of laying down this rule for yourself, and suffering no other creature to take the benefit of it? I want nothing of you; how dare you refuse me the privilege of a reasonable being, and deny me to live unmolested in poverty and innocence? What sort of man do you show yourself in this case, you who lay claim to the respect and applause of every one that knows you?

The spirited reproaches of Emily had at first the effect to fill Mr. Tyrrel with astonishment, and make him feel abashed and overawed in the presence of this unprotected innocent. But his confusion was the result of surprise. When the first emotion wore off, his habitual passions returned. He cursed himself for an ass in being moved by her expostulations, and was ten times more exasperated against Emily for daring to talk to him in this provoking language, at a time when she had every thing to fear from

from his power. His despotic and unforgiving propensities were stimulated to a degree little short of madness. At the same time his manners, which were gloomy and thoughtful, led him to meditate a variety of schemes for the punishment of her obstinacy. He began to suspect that there was little hope of succeeding by open force; he therefore determined to have recourse to treachery.

He found in Grimes an instrument sufficiently adapted to his purpose. This fellow, who would not perhaps intentionally have hurt a worm, was fitted by the mere coarseness of his perceptions for the perpetration of the greatest injuries. He regarded both injury and advantage merely as they related to the gratifications of appetite; and considered it as an essential part of true wisdom to treat with contempt the effeminacy of those who suffer themselves to be tor-

mented with ideal misfortunes. He conceived that no happier destiny could befall a young woman than to be his wife, and believed that that termination would be an ample compensation for any calamities she might suppose herself to undergo in the interval. He was therefore easily prevailed upon by certain temptations which Mr. Tyrrel knew how to employ, to take a part in the plot into which miss Melville was meant to be betrayed.

Matters being thus prepared, Mr. Tyrrel proceeded through the means of the jailor, (for the experience he had already had of personal discussion did not incline him to repeat his visits) to play upon the fears of his prisoner. This woman, sometimes under pretence of friendship, and sometimes with open malice, informed Emily from time to time of the preparations that were making for consummating her fate. One day
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the squire had rode over to look at a neat little farm which was destined for the habitation of the new-married couple, and at another a quantity of live stock and household furniture was procured that every thing might be ready for their reception. She then told her of a licence that was bought, a parson in readiness and a day fixed for the nuptials. When Emily endeavoured, though with increasing misgivings, to ridicule these proceedings as absolutely nugatory without her consent, her artful gouvernante told her various stories of forced marriages, and assured her that neither protestations, nor silence, nor fainting would be of any avail, either to suspend the ceremony, or to set it aside when once performed.

The situation of miss Melville was in an eminent degree pitiable. She had no intercourse but with her persecutors. She had not a human being with whom

to consult, and who might afford her the smallest degree of consolation and encouragement. She had courage; but it was neither confirmed nor directed by the dictates of experience. It could not therefore be expected to be so inflexible as with better information it would no doubt have been found. She had a clear and noble spirit; but she had some of her sex's errors. Her mind sunk under the uniform terrors with which she was assailed, and her health became visibly impaired.

Her firmness being thus far undermined, Grimes, in pursuance of his instructions, took care in his next interview to throw out an insinuation, that for his own part he never cared much for the match, and, since she was so averse to it, would be very well contented that it should never take place. Emily was rejoiced to find her admirer in so favourable a disposition; and earnestly pressed him

him to give effect to this humane declaration. Her representations to him on this subject were full of eloquence and energy. Grimes appeared to be moved at the fervency of her manner; but objected the resentment of Mr. Tyrrel and his landlord, who would infallibly ruin him upon the least appearance of backwardness on his part, as poor Hawkins had been ruined before. At length however he suggested a project in consequence of which he might assist her in her escape, without its ever coming to their knowledge, as indeed there was no likelihood that their suspicions in this case would fix upon him. To be sure, said he, you have refused me in a disdainful sort of a way, as a man may say. Mayhap you thought I was no better than a brute. But I bear you no malice, and I will show you that I am more kind-hearted than you have been willing to believe. It is a strange

fort of a vagary you have taken, to stand in your own right, and disoblige all your friends. But, if you are resolute to be off, do you see, I scorn to be the husband of a lass that is not every bit as willing as I; and so I will even help to put you in a condition to be free and follow your own inclinations.

Emily listened to these suggestions at first with eagerness and approbation. But her fervency was somewhat abated, when they came to discuss the minute parts of the undertaking. It was necessary, as Grimes informed her, that her escape should be effected in the dead of the night. He would conceal himself for that purpose in the garden, and be provided with false keys by which to deliver her from her prison. These circumstances were by no means adapted to calm her perturbed imagination. To throw herself into the arms of the man, whose intercourse she was employing
every

every method to avoid, and whom under the idea of a partner for life she could least of all men endure, was no doubt an extraordinary proceeding. The attendant circumstances of darkness and solitude aggravated the picture. The situation of Tyrrel Place was uncommonly lonely : it was three miles from the nearest village, and no less than seven miles from that in which Mrs. Jakeman's sister resided, into whose protection miss Melville was desirous of throwing herself. The ingenuous character of Emily did not allow her to suspect Grimes of intending to make an ungenerous and brutal advantage of these circumstances ; but her mind involuntarily revolted against the idea of committing herself alone to the disposal of a man whom she had lately been accustomed to consider as the instrument of her treacherous relation.

After having for some time revolved these considerations, she thought of the

expedient of desiring Grimes to engage Mrs. Jakeman's sister to wait for her at the outside of the garden. But this Grimes peremptorily refused. He even flew into a passion at the proposal. It showed very little gratitude, to desire him to disclose to other people his concern in this dangerous affair. For his part he was determined in consideration of his own safety never to appear in it to any living soul. If miss did not believe him, when he made this proposal out of pure good nature, and would not trust him a single inch, she might even see to the consequences herself. He was resolved to condescend no farther to the whims of a person who in her treatment of him had shown herself as proud as Lucifer himself.

Emily exerted herself to appease his resentment; but all the eloquence of her new confederate could not prevail upon her instantly to give up her objection.

She

She desired till the next day to consider of it. The day after was fixed by Mr. Tyrrel for the marriage ceremony. In the mean time she was pestered with intimations in a thousand different forms of the fate that so nearly awaited her. The preparations were so continued, methodical and regular, as to produce in her the most painful and aching anxiety. If her heart attained a moment's intermission upon the subject, her female attendant was sure by some sly hint or sarcastical remark to put a speedy termination to her tranquillity. She felt herself, as she afterwards remarked, alone, uninstructed, just broken loose as it were from the trammels of infancy, without one single creature to concern himself in her fate. She, who till then had never known an enemy, had now for three weeks not seen the glimpse of a human countenance that she had not good reason to consider as wholly estranged to

her. She now for the first time experienced the anguish of never having known her parents, and being cast entirely upon the charity of people with whom she had too little equality to hope to receive from them the dues of friendship.

The succeeding night was filled with the most anxious thoughts. When a momentary oblivion stole upon her senses, her distempered imagination conjured up a thousand images of violence and falsehood, she saw herself in the hands of her determined enemies, who did not hesitate by the most unintermitted treachery to complete her ruin. Her waking thoughts were not more consoling. The struggle was too great for her constitution. As morning approached, she resolved at all hazards to put herself into the hands of Grimes. This determination was no sooner made, than she felt her heart sensibly lightened. She could

not conceive of any purposes of injustice that might not be perpetrated by him with even more security at present than under any change of her situation.

When she communicated her determination to Grimes, it was not possible to say whether he received pleasure or pain from the intimation. He smiled indeed, but his smile was accompanied by a certain abrupt ruggedness of countenance, so that it might equally well be the smile of sarcasm or of congratulation. He however renewed his assurance of fidelity to his engagements and punctuality of execution. Meanwhile the day was interspersed with nuptial presents and preparations, all indicating the firmness as well as security of the directors of the scene. Emily had hoped that, as the crisis approached, they might have remitted something of their usual diligence. She was resolved in that case, if a fair opportunity had offered, to give the slip

both to her jailors, and to her new and half trusted confederate. But, though extremely vigilant for that purpose, she found the execution of this idea impracticable.

At length the night so critical to her happiness approached. The mind of Emily could not fail on this occasion to be extremely agitated. She had first exerted all her perspicacity to elude the vigilance of her attendant. This insolent and unfeeling tyrant, instead of any relentings, had only sought to make sport of her anxiety. Accordingly in one instance she hid herself, and, suffering Emily to suppose that the coast was clear, met her at the end of the gallery, near the top of the stair-case. How do you do, my dear? said she, with an insulting tone. And so the little dear thought itself cunning enough to outwit me, did it? Oh, it was a sly little gipsy! Go, go back, love; troop!

Emily

Emily felt deeply the trick that was played upon her. She sighed, but disdained to return any answer to this low vulgarity. Being once more in her chamber, she sat down in a chair, and remained buried in reverie for more than two hours. After this she went to her drawers, and turned over in a hurrying, confused way her linen and clothes, having in her mind the provision it would be necessary to make for her elopement. Her jailor officiously followed her from place to place, and observed what she did for the present in silence. It was now the hour of rest. Good night, child, said this saucy girl, in the act of retiring. It is time to lock up. For the few next hours the time is your own. Make the best use of it! Do'ee think you can creep out at the key hole, lovey? At eight o'clock you see me again. And then, and then, added she, clapping her hands, it is all over. The
fun

fun is not surer to rise, than you and your honest man to be made one.

There was something in the tone with which this slut uttered her farewell, that for a moment suggested the question to Emily, What does she mean? Is it possible she should know what has been planned for the few next hours? If she do, what will become of me then? But surely her manner of speaking was very unlike that of detection and reprimand! — With an aching heart she folded up the few necessaries she thought proper to take with her. She then listened with an anxiety that would almost have enabled her to hear the stirring of a leaf. From time to time she thought her ear was struck with the sound of feet; but the treading, if treading it were, was so soft, that she could never ascertain whether it were a real sound or the mere creature of the fancy. Then all was still as if the universal motion had been
at

at rest. By and by she conceived she overheard a noise as of buzzing and low muttered speech. Her heart palpitated; she said, Am I betrayed? Am I the dupe of base artifice and deceit? Presently she heard the sound of a key in her chamber door, and Grimes made his appearance. She started, and cried, Are we discovered? did not I hear you speak? Grimes advanced on tiptoe with his finger to his lip. No, no, replied he, all is safe! He took her by the hand, led her in silence out of the house, and then across the garden. Emily examined with her eye the doors and passages as they proceeded, looked on all sides with fearful suspicion, but every thing was as she herself could have wished. Grimes opened a back door of the garden already unlocked, that led into an unfrequented lane. There stood two horses ready equipped for the journey, their bridles hung to a post not six yards distant from
the

the garden. Grimes pushed the door after them. By Gemini, said he, my heart was in my mouth. As I comed along, I saw Mun, coachey, pop along from the back door to the stables. He was within a hop, step, and jump of me. But he had a lanthorn in his hand, and he did not see me, being as I was darkling.—Saying thus, he assisted miss Melville to mount. He troubled her little during the route. On the contrary he was remarkably silent and contemplative, a circumstance by no means disagreeable to Emily, to whom his conversation had never been acceptable.

After having proceeded about two miles, they turned into a wood, through which the road lay that led to the place of their destination. The night was extremely dark, at the same time that the air was soft and mild, it being now the middle of summer. Under pretence of exploring the way, Grimes contrived,
when

when they had already penetrated into the midst of this gloomy solitude, to get his horse abreast with that of miss Melvile, and then suddenly reaching out his hand, to seize hold of her bridle. I think we may as well stop here a bit, said he.

Stop, exclaimed Emily with surprise: Why should we stop? Mr. Grimes, what do you mean?

Come, come, said he, never trouble yourself to wonder. Did you think I was such a goose, as to take all this trouble merely to gratify your whim? I' faith, nobody shall find me a pack-horse, to go of other folks' errands, without knowing a reason why. I cannot say that I much minded to have you at first; but your ways are enough to stir the blood of my grandad. Far fetched and dear bought is always relishing. Your consent was so hard to gain, that squire thought it was surest asking in the dark. A' said however

however a' would have no such doings in his house, and so, do you see? we are comed here.

For God's sake, Mr. Grimes, think what you are about! You cannot be base enough to ruin a poor creature who has put herself under your protection!

That is all bother. Ruin! no, no, I will make an honest woman of you, when all is done. Nay, none of your airs; no tricks upon travellers! I have you here as safe as a horse in a pound; there is not a house nor a shed within a mile of us; and, if I miss the opportunity, you shall call me spade. Faith, you are a delicate morsel, and there is no time to be lost!

Miss Melville had but an instant in which to collect her thoughts. She felt that there was but little hope of softening the obstinate and insensible brute in whose power she was placed. But the presence of mind and intrepidity, so peculiar to her character, did not now desert

fert her. Grimes had scarcely finished his harangue, when with a strong and unexpected jerk she disengaged the bridle from his grasp, and at the same time put her horse upon full speed. She had scarcely advanced twice the length of her horse, when Grimes recovered from his surprise, and pursued her, inexpressibly mortified at being so easily overreached. The sound of his horse behind served but to rouse more completely the mettle of that of Emily; whether by accident or sagacity the animal pursued without a fault the narrow and winding way; and the chace continued the whole length of the wood.

At the extremity of this wood there was a gate. The recollection of this softened a little the cutting disappointment of Grimes, as he thought himself secure of putting an end by its assistance to the career of Emily, nor was it very probable that they should find any body
to

to interrupt him there in the dead and silence of the night. By the most extraordinary accident however they found a man on horseback in wait at this gate. Help, help! exclaimed the affrighted Emily; thieves! murder! help! The man was Mr. Falkland. Grimes knew his voice, and therefore, though he attempted a sort of sullen resistance, it was feebly made. Two other men, whom by reason of the darkness he had not at first seen, and who were Mr. Falkland's servants, hearing the bustle of the rencounter, and alarmed for the safety of their master, rode up; and then Grimes, disappointed at the loss of his gratification, and admonished by conscious guilt, shrunk from farther parley and rode off in silence.

It may seem strange that Mr. Falkland should thus a second time have been the favour of miss Melville, and that under circumstances the most unexpected and singular.

Q singular. But in this instance it is very easily to be accounted for. He had heard of a man who lurked about this wood for robbery or some other bad design, and that it was conjectured this man was Hawkins. Mr. Falkland's compassion had already been strongly interested in behalf of this victim of rural tyranny; he had in vain endeavoured to find him, and do him good; and he easily conceived that, if the conjecture which had been made in this instance proved true, he might have it in his power not only to do what he had always intended, but farther to save from a perilous offence against the laws and society a man who appeared to have strongly imbibed the principles of justice and virtue. He took with him two servants, because, going with the express design of encountering robbers, if robbers should be found, he believed he should be inexcusable if he did not go provided against possible

possible accidents. But he had directed them, at the same time that they kept within call, to be out of the reach of being seen; and it was only the eagerness of their zeal that had brought them up thus early in the present encounter. Mr. Falkland had a little before had the opportunity to convince himself that the village conjecture in relation to Hawkins was untrue; and was now upon the point of returning home, with no other satisfaction than that of having intended an act of benevolence, when Grimes and Emily came up to the spot upon which he had posted himself.

This new adventure promised something extraordinary. Mr. Falkland did not immediately recognise Miss Melville, and the person of Grimes was that of a total stranger whom he did not recollect to have ever seen. But it was easy to understand the merits of the case, and the propriety of interfering. The resolute manner

manner of Mr. Falkland, combined with the dread which Grimes, oppressed with a sense of wrong, entertained of the opposition of so elevated a personage, speedily put the ravisher to flight. Emily was left alone with her deliverer. He found her much more collected and calm than could reasonably have been expected from a person who had been a moment before in the most alarming situation. She told him of the place to which she desired to be conveyed, and he immediately undertook to escort her. As they went along, she recovered that state of mind which inclined her to make a person to whom she had such repeated obligations, and who was so eminently the object of her admiration, acquainted with the events that had recently befallen her. Mr. Falkland listened with eagerness and surprise. Though he had already known various instances of Mr. Tyrrel's mean jealousy and unfeeling tyranny, this surpassed

passed them all, and he could scarcely credit his ears while he heard the tale. His brutal neighbour seemed to realise all that had ever been told of the passions of fiends. Miss Melville was obliged to repeat in the course of her tale her kinsman's rude accusation against her of entertaining a passion for Mr. Falkland; and this she did with the most bewitching simplicity and charming confusion. Though this part of the tale was a source of real pain to her deliverer, yet it is not to be supposed but that the flattering partiality of this unhappy girl increased the interest he felt in her welfare and the indignation he conceived against her infernal kinsman.

They arrived without accident at the house of the good lady under whose protection Emily desired to place herself. Here Mr. Falkland willingly left her as in a place of security. Such conspiracies as that of which she was intended to

have been the victim, depend for their success upon the person against whom they are formed being out of the reach of help, and the moment they are detected they are annihilated. Such reasoning will no doubt be generally found sufficiently solid, and it appeared to Mr. Falkland perfectly applicable to the present case. But he was mistaken.

C H A P. X.

MR. TYRREL heard with astonishment of the miscarriage of an expedient, of the success of which he had not previously entertained the slightest suspicion. He became frantic with vexation. Grimes had not dared to signify the event of his expedition in person, and the footman whom he desired to announce to his master that miss Melville was lost, the moment after fled from his presence with the most dreadful apprehensions. Presently he bellowed for Grimes, and the young man at last appeared before him, more dead than alive. Grimes he compelled to repeat the particulars of the tale, which he had no sooner done than he once again slunk away, shocked at the execrations with which Mr. Tyrrel overwhelmed him.

him. Grimes was no coward; but he revered the inborn divinity that attends upon rank, as Indians worship the devil. Nor was this all. The rage of Mr. Tyrrel was so ungovernable and fierce, that few hearts could have been found so stout as not to have trembled before it with a sort of unconquerable inferiority.

He no sooner obtained a moment's pause than he began to recal to his tempestuous mind the various circumstances of the case. His complaints were bitter; and in a tranquil observer might have produced the united feeling of pity for his sufferings and horror at his depravity. He recollected all the precautions he had used; he could scarcely find a flaw in the process; and he cursed that blind and malicious power that delighted to cross his most deep laid designs. Of this malice he was beyond all other human beings the object. He was mocked with

the shadow of power ; and, when he lifted his hand to smite, it was struck with sudden palsy. To what purpose had heaven given him a feeling of injury and an instinct to resent, while he could in no case make his resentment felt ! It was only necessary for him to be the enemy of any person, in order to that person's being injured against the reach of misfortune. What insults, the most shocking and repeated, had he not received from this paltry girl ? And by whom was she now torn from his indignation ? By that devil that haunted him at every moment, that crossed him at every step, that fixed at pleasure his arrows in his heart, and made mows and mockery at his insufferable tortures.

There was one other reflexion that increased his anguish, and made him careless and desperate as to his future conduct. It was in vain to conceal from himself that his reputation would be
cruelly

cruelly wounded by this event. He had imagined that, while Emily was forced into this odious marriage, she would be obliged by decorum, as soon as the event was decided, to draw a veil over the compulsion she had suffered. But this security was now lost, and Mr. Falkland would take a pride in publishing his dishonour. Though the provocations he had received from miss Melville would in his own opinion have justified him in any treatment he should have thought proper to inflict, he was sensible the world would see the matter in a very different light. This reflexion augmented the violence of his resolutions, and determined him to refuse no means by which he could transfer the anguish that now preyed upon his own mind to that of another.

Meanwhile the composure and magnanimity of Emily had considerably subsided, the moment she believed her-

self in a place of safety. While danger and injustice assailed her with their menaces, she found in herself a courage that disdained to yield. The succeeding appearance of calm was more fatal to her. There was nothing now powerfully to foster her courage, or excite her energy. She looked back at the trials she had passed, and her soul sickened at the recollection of that which, while it was in act, she had had the fortitude to endure. Till the period at which Mr. Tyrrel had been inspired with this cruel antipathy, she had been in all instances a stranger to anxiety and fear. Uninured to misfortune, she had suddenly and without preparation been made the subject of the most infernal malignity. When a man of robust and vigorous constitution has a fit of sickness, it produces a much more powerful effect than the same indisposition upon a delicate valetudinarian. Such was the case with miss Melvile. She
passed

passed the succeeding night sleepless and uneasy, and was found in the morning with a high fever. Her distemper resisted for the present all attempts to assuage it, though there was reason to hope that the goodness of her constitution, assisted by tranquillity and the kindness of those about her, would ultimately surmount it. On the second day she was delirious. On the night of that day she was arrested at the suit of Mr. Tyrrel for a debt contracted for board and necessaries for the fourteen last years.

The idea of this arrest, as the reader will perhaps recollect, first occurred in the conversation between Mr. Tyrrel and Miss Melvile soon after he had thought proper to confine her to her chamber. But at that time he had probably had no serious conception of ever being induced to carry it into execution. It had merely been mentioned by way of threat, and as the suggestion of a mind whose habits

had been long familiarised to the recollection of every possible medium of tyranny and revenge. But now that the unlooked-for rescue and escape of his poor kinswoman had wrought up the thoughts of Mr. Tyrrel to a degree of insanity, and he revolved in the gloomy resources of his mind how he might most effectually shake off the load of disappointment that oppressed him, the idea recurred with double force. He was not long in forming his resolution; and, calling for Barnes, his steward, immediately gave him directions in what manner to proceed.

Barnes had been for several years the instrument of Mr. Tyrrel's injustice. His mind was hardened by use, and he could without remorse officiate as the spectator, or even as the immediate author and director of a scene of vulgar distress. But even he was somewhat startled upon the present occasion. The character

character and conduct of Emily in Mr. Tyrrel's family had been without a blot. She had not a single enemy; and it was impossible to contemplate her youth, her harmless vivacity, her guileless innocence, without emotions of sympathy and compassion.

Your worship?—I do not understand you!—Arrest miss!—miss Emily!

Yes, I tell you! What is the matter with you? Go immediately to Swineard, the lawyer, and bid him finish the business out of hand!

Lord love your honour! Arrest her! Why, she does not owe you a brass farthing; she always lived upon your charity!

Afs! Scoundrel! I tell you she does owe me, owes me—eleven hundred pound.—The law justifies it.—What do you think laws were made for?—I do nothing but right, and my rights I will have.

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Your

Your honour, I never questioned your orders in my life; but I must now. I cannot see you ruin miss Emily, poor girl! nay, and yourself too, for the matter of that, and not say which way you are going. I hope you will bear with me. Why if she owed you ever so much, she cannot be arrested. She is not of age.

Will you have done, sir? Do not tell me of It cannot, and It can. To my knowledge it has been done before, and it shall be done again. Let him dispute it that dares. I will do it now, and stand to it afterwards. Tell Swineard, if he make the least boggling, it is as much as his life is worth; he shall starve by inches.

Pray, your honour, think better of it. Upon my life, the whole country will cry shame of it.

Barnes?—What do you mean? I am not used to be talked to, and I will not bear

bear it!—They have driven me already with their parleying and their disobedience to the very end of my patience. You have been a good fellow to me upon many occasions. But, if I find you out for making one with them that dispute my authority, damn my soul, if I do not make you sick of your very life!

I have done, your honour. I will not say another word, except this. I have heard as how that miss Emily is sick-a-bed. You are determined, you say, to put her in jail. You do not mean to kill her, I take it.

Let her die, if she will! I will not spare her for an hour. I will not always be insulted. She had no consideration for me, and I have no mercy for her. I am in for it! They have provoked me past all bearing, and they shall feel me! Tell Swineard, in bed or up, day

or night, I will not have him hear of a minute's delay.

Such were the directions of Mr. Tyrrel, and in strict conformity to his directions were the proceedings of that respectable limb of the law he employed upon the present occasion. Miss Melville had been delirious through a considerable part of the day on the evening of which the bailiff and his follower arrived. By the direction of the physician whom Mr. Falkland had ordered to attend her a composing draught was administered; and, exhausted as she was by the wild and distracted images that for several hours had haunted her fancy, she was now sunk into a refreshing slumber. Mrs. Hammond, the sister of Mrs. Jake-man, was sitting by her bed-side, full of compassion for the lovely sufferer and rejoicing in the calm tranquillity that had just taken possession of her, when a
little

little girl, the only child of Mrs. Hammond, opened the street-door to the tap of the bailiff. He said he wanted to speak with miss Melvile, and the child answered that she would go tell her mother. So saying, she advanced to the door of the back-room upon the ground-floor in which Emily lay; but the moment it was opened, instead of waiting for the appearance of the mother, the bailiff entered along with the girl.

Mrs. Hammond looked up. Who are you, said she? Why do you come in here? Hush! be quiet!

I must speak with miss Melvile.

Indeed, but you must not. Tell me your business. The poor lady has been light-headed all day. She is just fallen asleep, and must not be disturbed.

That is no business of mine. I must obey orders.

Orders? Whose orders? What is it you mean?

At

At this moment Emily opened her eyes. What noise is that? I wish you would let me be quiet.

Miss, I want to speak with you. I have got a writ against you for eleven hundred pound at the suit of squire Tyrrel.

At these words both Mrs. Hammond and Emily were dumb. The latter was scarcely able to annex any meaning to the intelligence; and, though Mrs. Hammond was somewhat better acquainted with the sort of language that was employed, yet in this strange and unexpected connection it was almost as mysterious to her, as to poor Emily herself.

A writ! How can she be in Mr. Tyrrel's debt? A writ against a child!

It is no signification putting your questions to us. We only do as we are directed. There is our authority. Look at it.

Lord

Lord Almighty ! exclaimed Mrs. Hammond, what does this mean ? It is impossible Mr. Tyrrel should have sent you.

Good woman, none of your jabber to us ! Cannot you read ?

This is all a trick ! This paper is forged ! It is a vile contrivance to get the poor lady out of the hands of those with whom only she can be safe. Proceed upon it at your peril !

Rest you content ; that is exactly what we mean to do. Take it at my word, we know very well what we are about.

Why, you would not tear her from her bed ? I tell you, she is in a high fever ; she is light-headed ; it would be death to remove her ! You are bailiffs, are not you ? You are not murderers ?

The law says nothing about that. We have orders to take her sick or well. We will do her no harm ; except so far
as

as we must perform our office, be it how it will.

Where would you take her? What is it you mean to do?

To the county jail. Bullock, go, order a post-chaise from the Griffin!

Stay, I say! Give no such orders! Wait only three hours; I will send off a messenger express to squire Falkland, and I am sure he will satisfy you as to any harm that can come to you, without its being necessary to take the poor lady to jail.

We have particular directions against that. We are not at liberty to lose a minute. Why are not you gone? Order the horses to be put to immediately!

Emily had listened to the course of this conversation, which had sufficiently explained to her whatever was enigmatical at the first appearance of the bailiffs. The painful and incredible reality that
was

was thus presented, effectually dissipated the illusions of frenzy to which she had just been a prey. My dear madam, said she to Mrs. Hammond, do not harass yourself with useless efforts. I am very sorry for all the trouble I have given you. But my misfortune is inevitable. Sir, if you will step into the next room, I will dress myself, and attend you immediately.

Mrs. Hammond began to be equally aware that her struggles were to no purpose; but she could not be equally patient. At one moment she raved upon the brutality of Mr. Tyrrel, whom she affirmed to be a devil incarnate, and not a man. At another she expostulated with bitter invective against the hard-heartedness of the bailiff, and exhorted him to mix some humanity and moderation with the discharge of his duty; but he was impenetrable to all she could urge. In the mean while Emily yielded with

with the sweetest resignation to an inevitable evil. Mrs. Hammond insisted that at least they should permit her to attend her young lady in the chaise; and the bailiff, though the orders he had received were so peremptory that he dared not exercise his discretion as to the execution of the writ, began to have some apprehensions of danger, and was willing to admit of any precaution that was not in direct hostility to his functions. For the rest he understood, that it was in all cases dangerous to allow sickness, or apparent unfitness for removal as a sufficient cause to interrupt a direct process, and that accordingly in all doubtful questions and presumptive murders the practice of the law inclined [with a laudable partiality] to the vindication of its own officers. In addition to these general rules he was influenced by the positive injunctions and assurances of Swineard, and the terror which universally

sally through a circle of many miles was annexed to the name of Tyrrel. Before they departed Mrs. Hammond dispatched a messenger with a letter of three lines to Mr. Falkland informing him of this extraordinary event. Mr. Falkland was from home when the messenger arrived, and not expected to return till the second day; accident seeming in this instance to favour the vengeance of Mr. Tyrrel, for he had himself been too much under the dominion of an uncontrollable fury to have leisure to take a circumstance of this sort into his estimate.

The forlorn state of these poor women, who were conducted, the one by compulsion, the other as a volunteer, to a scene so little adapted to their accommodation as that of a common jail, may easily be imagined. There were however a masculine courage and impetuosity of spirit in Mrs. Hammond, eminently necessary in the difficulties they had to encounter.

encounter. She was in some degree fitted by a sanguine temper and an impassioned sense of injustice for the discharge of those very offices which sobriety and calm reflexion might prescribe. The health of miss Melvile, as might have been expected, was very materially affected by the surprise and removal she had undergone, at the very time when repose was most necessary for her preservation. Her fever became more violent than ever; her delirium was stronger; and the tortures of her imagination were in some degree proportioned to the extreme unfavourableness of the state in which the removal had been effected. It was highly improbable she could at all recover.

In the moments of suspended reason she was perpetually calling on the name of Mr. Falkland. Mr. Falkland, she said, was her first and only love, and he should be her husband. A moment afterwards

afterwards she exclaimed upon him in a disconsolate, yet reproachful tone, for his unworthy deference to the prejudices of the world. It was very cruel of him to show himself so proud, and tell her that he would never consent to marry a beggar. But, if he were proud, she was determined to be proud too. He should see that she would not demean herself like a slighted maiden, and that, though he could reject her, it was not in his power to break her heart. At another time she imagined she saw Mr. Tyrrel and his engine Grimes, their hands and garments dropping with blood, and the pathetic reproaches she vented against them might have affected a heart of stone. Then the figure of Falkland presented itself to her distracted fancy, deformed with wounds and of a deadly paleness, and she shrieked with agony, while she exclaimed that such was the general hardheartedness, that no one would

would make the smallest exertion for his rescue. In such vicissitudes of pain, perpetually imagining to herself unkindness, insult, conspiracy and murder, she passed a considerable part of two days.

On the evening of the second Mr. Falkland arrived, accompanied by doctor Arnold, the physician by whom she had previously been attended. The scene he was called upon to witness was such as to be most exquisitely agonizing to a man of his acute sensibility. The news of the arrest had given him an inexpressible shock; he was transported out of himself at the unexampled malignity of its author. But, when he saw the figure of miss Melvile, haggard, and a warrant of death written in her countenance, a victim to the diabolical passions of her kinsman, the scene seemed too much to be endured. When he entered, she was in the midst of one of her fits of delirium, and immediately mistook her

her

her visitors for two assassins. She asked, where they had hid her Falkland, her lord, her life, her husband! and demanded that they should restore to her his mangled corpse, that she might embrace him with her dying arms, breathe her last upon his lips, and be buried in the same grave. She reproached them with the sordidness of their conduct in becoming the tools of her vile cousin, who had deprived her of her reason, and would never be contented till he had murdered her. Mr. Falkland tore himself away from this painful scene, and, leaving doctor Arnold with his patient, desired him when he had given the necessary directions to follow him to his inn.

The perpetual hurry of spirits in which miss Melville had for several days been kept by the nature of her indisposition was extremely exhausting to her; and in about an hour from the visit of Mr.

Falkland

Falkland her delirium subsided, and left her in so low a state as to render it difficult to perceive any marks of life. Doctor Arnold, who had before withdrawn, to soothe, if possible, the disturbed and impatient thoughts of Mr. Falkland, was summoned afresh upon this change of symptoms, and sat by the bed-side during the remainder of the night. The situation of his patient was such as to keep him in momentary apprehension of her decease. While miss Melvile lay in this feeble and exhausted condition, Mrs. Hammond betrayed every token of the tenderest anxiety. Her sensibility was habitually of the acutest sort, and the qualities of Emily were such as powerfully to fix her affection. She loved her like a mother. Upon the present occasion every sound, every motion made her tremble. Doctor Arnold had introduced another nurse in consideration of the incessant fatigue

Mrs.

Mrs. Hammond had undergone; and he endeavoured by representations and even by authority to compel her to quit the apartment of the patient. But she was uncontrollable; and he at length found that he should probably do her more injury by the violence that would be necessary to separate her from the suffering innocent, than by allowing her to follow her own inclinations. Her eye was a thousand times turned with the most eager curiosity upon the countenance of doctor Arnold, without her daring to breathe a question respecting his opinion, lest he should answer her by a communication of the most fatal tidings. In the mean time she listened with the deepest attention to every thing that dropped either from the physician or the nurse, hoping as it were to collect from some oblique hint the intelligence which she had not courage expressly to require.

Towards morning the state of the patient seemed to take a favourable turn. She dozed for near two hours, and, when she awoke, appeared perfectly calm and sensible. Understanding that Mr. Falkland had brought the physician to attend her, and was himself in the neighbourhood, she requested to see him. Mr. Falkland had gone in the mean time with one of his tenants to bail the debt, and now entered the prison to enquire whether the young lady might be safely removed from her present miserable residence to a more airy and commodious apartment. When he appeared, the sight of him revived in the mind of miss Melvile an imperfect recollection of the wanderings of her delirium. She covered her face with her hand, and betrayed the most expressive confusion, while she thanked him with her usual unaffected simplicity for all the trouble he had taken. She hoped she should not
give

give him much more ; she thought she should get better. It was a shame, she said, if a young and lively girl as she was, could not contrive to outlive the trifling misfortunes to which she had been subjected. But, while she said this, she was still extremely weak. She tried to assume a chearful countenance ; but it was a faint effort, which the feeble state of her frame did not seem sufficient to support. Mr. Falkland and the doctor joined to request her to keep herself quiet, and to avoid for the present all occasions of exertion.

Encouraged by these appearances, Mrs. Hammond now ventured to follow the two gentlemen out of the room in order to learn from the physician what hopes he entertained. Doctor Arnold acknowledged that he had found his patient at first in a very unfavourable situation, that the symptoms were changed for the better, and that he was not

without some expectation of her recovery. He added however, that he could answer for nothing, that the next twelve hours would be exceedingly critical, but that, if she did not grow worse before morning, he would then undertake to answer for her life. Mrs. Hammond, who had hitherto seen nothing but despair, now became frantic with joy. She burst into tears of transport, blessed the physician in the most emphatic and impassioned terms, and uttered a thousand extravagancies. Doctor Arnold seized this opportunity to press her to give herself a little repose, to which she consented, a chamber being first procured for her next to that of miss Melvile, and she having charged the nurse to give her notice of any alteration in the patient.

Mrs. Hammond enjoyed an interrupted sleep of several hours, when towards the afternoon, she was alarmed by an unusual bustle in the next room. She

listened for a few moments, and then determined to go and see what was the occasion of it. As she opened her door for that purpose, she met the nurse who was coming to her. The countenance of the messenger told her what it was she had to communicate, without the use of words. She hurried to the bed side, and found miss Melvile expiring. The appearances that had at first been so encouraging were but of short duration. The calm of the morning proved to be only a sort of lightning before death. In a few hours the patient grew worse. The bloom of her countenance faded; she drew her breath with difficulty; and her eyes became fixed. Doctor Arnold had come in at this period, and had immediately perceived that all was over. She was for some time in convulsions; but, these subsiding, she addressed the physician with a composed, though feeble voice. She thanked him for his atten-

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tion ; and expressed the most lively sense of her obligations to Mr. Falkland. She sincerely forgave her cousin, and hoped he might never be visited by too acute a recollection of his barbarity to her. She would have been contented to live ; few persons had a sincerer relish of the good things of life ; but she was well pleased to die rather than have become the wife of Grimes. As Mrs. Hammond entered, she turned her countenance towards her, and with an affectionate expression repeated her name. These were her last words ; in less than two hours from that time she breathed her last in the arms of this faithful friend.

C H A P. XI.

SUCH was the fate of miss Emily Melville. Perhaps tyranny never exhibited a more painful memorial of the detestation in which it deserves to be held. The idea irresistibly excited in every spectator of the scene was that of regarding Mr. Tyrrel as the most diabolical wretch that had ever dishonoured the human form. The very attendants upon this house of oppression, for the scene was acted upon too public a stage not to be generally understood, expressed their astonishment and disgust at his unparalleled cruelty. If such were the feelings of men bred to the commission of injustice, it is easy to conceive what must have been those of Mr. Falkland. His whole life had tended to cultivate in him a mind tremblingly alive to moral good

and evil. Upon such occasions he was unable maturely to collect his thoughts and firmly resolve upon the proceeding which the nature of the case required. His habits urged him to madness and ungovernable fury. He could not think of such complicated depravity but with sentiments of preternatural loathing and horror. Perhaps the agonies of the wretch broken upon the wheel, whom the very first sight of that engine of torture had thrown into convulsions, did not exceed those of Mr. Falkland in the present situation. He was therefore deprived for a time of all that composure of mind which is requisite to enable us to act with discretion. It was necessary to guard him like a madman. The whole office of judging what was proper to be done under the present circumstances devolved upon doctor Arnold.

The doctor was a man of cool and methodical habits of acting. One of the
first

first ideas that suggested itself to him was, that miss Melvile was a branch of the family of Tyrrel. He did not doubt of the willingness of Mr. Falkland to discharge every expence that might be farther incident to the melancholy remains of this unfortunate victim; but he suspected that the laws of fashion and decorum required that some notification of the event should be made to the head of the family. His manners were formal, his temper phlegmatic, and his whole character was such as to render him little susceptible of those impetuous impulses which have so considerable a share in the history of the mass of mankind. Perhaps too he had an eye to his own interest in his profession, and was reluctant to expose himself to the resentment of a person of Mr. Tyrrel's consideration in the neighbourhood. Inaccessible to the sympathies of the mind, he was little qualified to calculate

their operation in the present instance. But, with this weakness, he had nevertheless some feelings in common with the rest of the world, and must have suffered a considerable degree of violence before he could have persuaded himself to be the messenger; beside which he did not think it right in the present situation to leave Mr. Falkland.

Doctor Arnold no sooner mentioned these ideas, than they seemed to make a sudden impression on Mrs. Hammond, and she earnestly requested that she might be permitted to carry the intelligence. The proposal was unexpected; but the doctor did not very obstinately refuse his assent. She was determined, she said, to see what sort of impression the catastrophe would make upon the author of it; and she promised to comport herself with moderation and civility. The journey was soon performed.

I am come, sir; said she to Mr. Tyrrel,

to inform you that your cousin, miss Melville, died this afternoon.

Died? Is it possible? are you serious?

Yes, sir. I saw her die. She died in my arms.

Dead? Who killed her? What do you mean?

Who killed her? Is it for you to ask that question? It was your cruelty and malice that killed her!

Me?—my?—Poh! she is not dead—it cannot be—it is not a week since she left this house.

Will you not believe me? I say she is dead!

Have a care, woman! this is no jesting matter. No: though she used me ill, I would not believe her dead for all the world!

Mrs. Hammond shook her head in token of the truth of her assertion.

No, no, no, no!—I will never believe that!—No, never!

Will you come with me, and convince your own eyes? It is a fight worthy of you, and will be a feast to such a heart as yours!—Saying this, Mrs. Hammond offered her hand, as if to conduct him to the spot.

Mr. Tyrrel shrunk back.

If she be dead, what is that to me? Am I to answer for every thing that goes wrong in the world?—What do you come here for? Why bring your messages to me?

To whom should I bring them, but to her kinsman,—and her murderer?

Murderer?—Did I employ knives or pistols? Did I give her poison? I did nothing but what the law allows. If she be dead, nobody can say that I am to blame!

To blame?—All the world will abhor and curse you. Were you such a fool as to think, because in some cases men pay respect to wealth and rank, that
this

this excuse would extend to such a deed ? They will laugh at so barefaced a cheat. The meanest beggar will spurn and spit at you. Aye, you may well stand confounded at what you have done. I will proclaim you to the whole world, and you will be obliged to fly the very face of a human creature !

Good woman, said Mr. Tyrrel, extremely humbled, talk no more in this strain !—Emmy is not dead ! I am sure—I hope—she is not dead !—Tell me that you have only been deceiving me, and I will forgive you every thing.—I will forgive her—I will take her into favour—I will do any thing you please !—I never meant her any harm !

I tell you, sir, she is dead ! You have murdered the sweetest lady that lived ! Can you bring her back to life, as you have driven her out of it ? If you could, I would kneel to you twenty times a day !—What is it you have done ? Miserable wretch ! did you think you could
do

do and undo, and change the laws of nature, as you please ?

If she is dead,—what care I ? It is no concern of mine. Did I tell her to run away ? I meant every thing for her good. If she took things to heart so, as to die of the pip like a chicken, is that my fault ?

The reproaches of Mrs. Hammond were the first instance in which Mr. Tyrrel was made to drink the full cup of retribution. This was however only a specimen of a long series of contempt, abhorrence and insult that was reserved for him. The words of Mrs. Hammond were prophetic. It evidently appeared that, though wealth and hereditary elevation operate as an apology for many delinquencies, there are some which so irresistibly address themselves to the indignation of mankind, that, like death, they level all distinctions, and reduce their perpetrator to an equality with the most indigent and squalid of his species. Against

Against Mr. Tyrrel, as the tyrannical and unmanly murderer of Emily, those who dared not venture the unreserved avowal of their sentiments, muttered curses, deep, not loud; while the rest joined in an universal cry of abhorrence and execration. He himself stood astonished at the novelty of his situation. Accustomed as he had been to the obedience and trembling homage of mankind, he had imagined they would be perpetual, and that no excess on his part would ever be potent enough to break the enchantment. Now he looked round and saw fullen detestation in every face, which with difficulty restrained itself, and upon the slightest provocation broke forth with an impetuous tide, and swept away all the mounds of subordination and fear. His large estate could not now purchase civility from the gentry, the peasantry, scarcely from his own servants. In the indignation of all around him he found a
ghost

ghost that haunted him with every change of place, and a remorse that stung his conscience and exterminated his peace. The neighbourhood appeared more and more every day to be growing too hot for him to endure the fierceness of its temperature, and it became evident that he would ultimately be obliged to quit the country. Urged by the flagitiousness of this last example, people learned to recollect every other instance of Mr. Tyrrel's excesses, and upon the whole it was no doubt a fearful catalogue of wanton injustice that now rose up in judgment against him. It seemed as if the sense of public resentment had been long gathering strength unperceived, and now at length burst forth into inextinguishable violence.

There was scarcely a human being upon whom this sort of retribution could have sat more uneasily than upon Mr. Tyrrel. Though he had not a consciouf-
ness

ness of innocence prompting him continually to recoil from the detestation of mankind as a thing totally unallied to his character, yet the imperiousness of his temper and the constant experience he had had of the pliability of other men, prepared him to feel the general and undisguised condemnation into which he was sunk with uncommon emotions of anger and impatience. That he, at the beam of whose eye every countenance fell, and whom in the fierceness of his wrath no one was daring enough to answer, should now be regarded with avowed dislike and treated with unceremonious censure, was a thing he could not endure to recollect or believe. Symptoms of the universal disgust smote him at every instant, and at every blow he writhed with intolerable anguish. His rage was unbounded and raving. He repelled every attack with the fiercest indignation; while the more he struggled, the more desperate

desperate his situation appeared to become. At length he determined to collect his strength for a decisive effort, and to meet the whole tide of public opinion in a single scene.

In pursuance of these thoughts he resolved to repair without delay to the rural assembly which I have already mentioned in the course of my story. Miss Melville had now been dead one month. There was a sort of bustle that took place at his entrance, it having been agreed by a private vote among the gentlemen of the assembly that Mr. Tyrrel was to be refused admittance, as a person with whom they did not choose to associate. This vote had already been notified to him by letter by the master of the ceremonies, but the intelligence was rather calculated to a man of Mr. Tyrrel's disposition to excite defiance than to overawe. At the door of the assembly he was personally met by the master of the ceremonies, who
had

had perceived the arrival of an equipage, and who now endeavoured to repeat his prohibition; but he was thrust aside by Mr. Tyrrel with an air of native authority and ineffable contempt. As he entered, every eye was turned upon him. Presently all the gentlemen in the room assembled round him. Some endeavoured to hustle him, and others began to expostulate. But he found the secret effectually to silence the one set, and to shake off the other. His muscular form, the well-known eminence of his intellectual powers, the long habits to which every man was formed of acknowledging his ascendancy, were all in his favour. He considered himself as playing a desperate stake, and had roused all the energies he possessed to enable him to do justice to so interesting a transaction. Disengaged from the insects that had at first pestered him, he paced up and down the room with a magisterial stride, and flashed an
angry

angry glance on every side. He then broke silence. "If any one had any thing to say to him, he should know where and how to answer him. He would advise any such person however to consider well what he was about. If any man imagined he had any thing personally to complain of, it was very well. But he did expect that nobody there would be ignorant and raw enough to meddle with what was no business of theirs, and intrude into the concerns of any man's private family."

This being a sort of defiance, one and another gentleman advanced to answer it. He that was first began to speak; but Mr. Tyrrel, by the expression of his countenance and a peremptory tone, by well-timed interruptions and pertinent insinuations, caused him first to hesitate, and then to be silent. He seemed to be fast advancing to the triumph he had promised himself. The whole company
were

were astonished. They felt the same abhorrence and condemnation of his character ; but they could not help admiring the courage and resources he displayed upon the present occasion. They could without difficulty have concentrated afresh their indignant feelings, but they seemed to want a leader.

At this critical moment Mr. Falkland entered the room. He had been absent the last week in a distant part of the country, and was now returned two or three days sooner than he expected. Mr. Tyrrel had willingly embraced this opportunity, trusting that, if he could now effect his re-establishment, he should easily preserve the ground he had regained even in the face of his most formidable rival. Mr. Tyrrel was certainly not deficient in courage ; but he conceived that the present was too important an epocha in his life to allow him to make any unnecessary risk in his chance for future ease

ease and importance. He would gladly have dispensed with the arrival of the new comer.

Both he and Mr. Falkland reddened at sight of each other. Mr. Falkland advanced towards him without a moment's pause, and in a peremptory voice asked him, what he did there?

Here? What do you mean by that? This place is as free to me as you, and you are the last person to whom I shall deign to give an account of myself.

Sir, the place is not free to you. Do not you know you have been voted out? Whatever were your rights, your infamous conduct has forfeited them.

Mr. what do you call yourself, if you have any thing to say to me, choose a proper time and place. Do not think to put on your bullying airs under shelter of this company! I will not endure it.

You are mistaken, sir. This public scene is the only place where I can have
any

any thing to say to you. If you would not hear of the universal indignation of mankind, you must not come into the society of men. Miss Melville! Shame upon you, inhuman, unrelenting tyrant! Can you hear her name, and not sink into the earth? Can you retire into solitude, and not see her pale and patient ghost rising to reproach you? Can you recollect her virtues, her innocence, her spotless manners, her unresenting temper, and not run distracted with remorse? Have you not killed her in the first bloom of her youth? Can you bear to think that she now lies mouldering in the grave through your cursed contrivance, that deserved a crown, ten thousand times more than you deserve to live? And do you expect that mankind will ever forget, or forgive such a deed? Go, miserable wretch; think yourself too happy that you are permitted to fly the face of man! Why, what a pitiful figure do you make at this moment!

Do

Do you think that any thing could bring so hardened a wretch as you are, to shrink from reproach, if your conscience were not in confederacy with him that reproached you? And were you fool enough to believe that any obstinacy however determined could enable you to despise the keen rebuke of justice? Go, go, shrink into your miserable self! Begone, and let me never be blasted with your sight again!

And here, however incredible it may appear, Mr. Tyrrel began to obey his imperious censurer. His looks were full of wildness and horror; his limbs trembled; and his tongue refused its office. He felt no power of resisting the impetuous torrent of reproach that was poured upon him. He hesitated; he was ashamed of his own defeat; he seemed to wish to deny it. But his struggles were ineffectual; every attempt perished in the moment it was made. The general voice
was

was eager to abash him. As his confusion became more visible, the outcry increased. It swelled gradually to hootings, tumult, and a deafening noise of indignation. At length he willingly retired from the public scene, unable any longer to endure the sensations it inflicted.

In about an hour and a half he returned. No precaution had been taken against this incident, for nothing could be more unexpected. In the interval he had intoxicated himself with large draughts of brandy. In a moment he was in a part of the room where Mr. Falkland was standing, and with one blow of his muscular arm levelled him with the earth. The blow however was not stunning, and Mr. Falkland rose again immediately. It is obvious to perceive how unequal he must have been to this species of contest. He was scarcely risen, before Mr. Tyrrel repeated his blow. Mr. Falkland was now upon his guard, and did not fall.

But the blows of his adversary were redoubled with a rapidity difficult to conceive, and Mr. Falkland was once again brought to the earth. In this situation Mr. Tyrrel kicked his prostrate enemy, and stooped, apparently with the intention of dragging him along the floor. All this passed in a moment, and the gentlemen present had not time to recover their surprise. They now interfered, and Mr. Tyrrel once more quitted the apartment.

It is difficult to conceive of any event more terrible to the individual upon whom it fell, than the treatment which Mr. Falkland in this instance experienced. Every passion of his life was calculated to make him feel it more acutely. He had repeatedly exerted the most uncommon energy and prudence to prevent the misunderstanding between Mr. Tyrrel and himself from proceeding to extremities; but in vain! It was closed with a

cata-

catastrophe exceeding all that he had feared, or that the most penetrating foresight could have suggested. To Mr. Falkland disgrace was worse than death. The slightest breath of dishonour would have stung him to the very soul. What must it have been with this complication of ignominy, base, humiliating and public? Could Mr. Tyrrel have understood the evil he inflicted, even he under all his circumstances of provocation could hardly have perpetrated it. Mr. Falkland's mind must have been full of uproar like the war of contending elements, and of such suffering as casts contempt on the refinements of inventive cruelty. He wished no doubt for annihilation, to lie down in eternal oblivion, in an insensibility, which compared with what he experienced was scarcely less enviable than beatitude itself. Horror, detestation, revenge, inexpressible longings to shake off the evil, and a persuasion that in this case

all effort was powerless, must have filled his soul even to bursting.

One other event closed the transactions of this memorable evening. Mr. Falkland was baffled of the vengeance that yet remained to him. Mr. Tyrrel was found by some of the company dead in the street, having been murdered at the distance of a few yards from the assembly house.

C H A P. XII.

I SHALL endeavour to state the remainder of this narrative in the words of Mr. Collins. The reader has already had occasion to perceive that Mr. Collins was a man of no vulgar order; and his reflections on this subject were uncommonly judicious.

“ This day was the crisis of Mr. Falkland’s history. From hence took its beginning that gloomy and unsociable melancholy of which he has since been the victim. No two characters can be in certain respects more strongly contrasted, than the Mr. Falkland of a date prior and subsequent to these events. Hitherto he had been attended by a fortune perpetually prosperous. His mind was sanguine; full of that undoubting confi-

dence in its own powers which prosperity is qualified to produce. Though the habits of his life were those of a serious and sublime visionary, they were nevertheless full of cheerfulness and tranquillity. But from this moment his pride and the lofty adventurousness of his spirit were effectually subdued. From an object of envy he was changed into an object of compassion. Life, which hitherto no one had so exquisitely enjoyed, became a burthen to him. No more self-complacency, no more rapture, no more self-approving and heart-transporting benevolence! He, who had lived beyond any man upon the grand and animating reveries of the imagination, seemed now to have no visions but of anguish and despair. His case was peculiarly worthy of sympathy, since no doubt, if rectitude and purity of disposition could give a title to happiness, few men could exhibit

exhibit a more consistent and powerful claim than Mr. Falkland.

“He was too deeply pervaded with the idle and groundless romances of chivalry ever to forget the situation, humiliating and dishonourable according to his ideas, in which he had been placed upon this occasion. There is a mysterious sort of divinity annexed to the person of a true knight, that makes any species of brute violence committed upon it indelible and immortal. To be knocked down, cuffed, kicked, dragged along the floor ! sacred heaven, the memory of such a treatment was intolerable ! No future lustration could ever remove the stain : and, what was perhaps still worse in the present case, the offender having ceased to exist, the lustration which the laws of knight-errantry prescribe was rendered impossible.

“ In some future period of human improvement it is probable that that calamity will be in a manner unintelligible;

which in the present instance contributed to tarnish and wither the excellence of one of the most elevated and amiable of human minds. If Mr. Falkland had reflected with perfect accuracy upon the case, he would probably have been able to look down with indifference upon a wound which, as it was, pierced to his very vitals. How much more dignity than in the modern duellist do we find in Themistocles, the most gallant of the Greeks; who, when Eurybiades, his commander in chief, in answer to some of his remonstrances, lifted his cane over him with a menacing air, accosted him in that noble apostrophe, Strike, but hear?

“ How would a man of true discernment in such a case reply to his brutal assailant? “ I make it my boast that I
“ can endure calamity and pain: shall
“ I not be able to endure the trifling
“ inconvenience that your folly can in-
“ flict upon me? Perhaps a human
“ being

“ being would be more accomplished,
“ if he understood the science of personal
“ defence; but how few would be the
“ occasions upon which he would be
“ called to exert it? How few human
“ beings would he encounter so unjust
“ and injurious as you, if his own conduct were directed by the principles
“ of reason and benevolence? Beside,
“ how narrow would be the use of this
“ science, when acquired? It will
“ scarcely put the man of delicate
“ make and petty stature upon a level
“ with the athletic pugilist; and, if it
“ did in some measure secure me against
“ the malice of a single adversary, still
“ my person and my life, so far as mere
“ force is concerned, would always be
“ at the mercy of two. Farther than
“ immediate defence against actual
“ violence it could never be of use to
“ me. The man who can deliberately

“ meet his adversary for the purpose of
“ exposing the persons of one or both
“ of them to injury, tramples upon
“ every principle of reason and equity.
“ Duelling is the vilest of all egotism,
“ treating the public, which has a claim
“ to all my powers and exertions, as if
“ it were nothing, and myself, or ra-
“ ther an unintelligible chimera I annex
“ to myself, as if it were entitled to my
“ exclusive attention. I am unable to
“ cope with you: what then? Can
“ that circumstance dishonour me? No;
“ I can only be dishonoured by perpe-
“ trating an unjust action. My honour
“ is in my own keeping, beyond the
“ reach of all mankind. Strike! I am
“ passive. No injury that you can in-
“ flict shall provoke me to expose you
“ or myself to unnecessary evil. I refuse
“ that; but I am not therefore pusilla-
“ nimous: when I refuse any danger
“ or

“ or suffering by which the general good
“ may be promoted, then brand me for
“ a coward !”

“ These reasonings, however simple and irresistible they must be found by a dispassionate enquirer, are little reflected on by the world at large, and were most of all uncongenial to the prejudices of Mr. Falkland. But the public disgrace and chastisement that had been imposed upon him, intolerable as they were to be recollected, were not the whole of the mischief that redounded to our unfortunate patron from the transactions of that day. It was presently whispered that he was no other than the murderer of his antagonist. This rumour was of too much importance to the very continuance of his life, to justify its being concealed from him. He heard it with inexpressible astonishment and horror ; it formed a dreadful addition to the load of intellectual anguish that already oppressed

him. No man had ever held his reputation so dear to him as Mr. Falkland; and now in one day he was fallen under the most exquisite calamities, a complicated personal insult, and the imputation of the foulest of crimes. He might have fled; for no one was forward to proceed against a man so adored as Mr. Falkland, or in revenge of one so universally execrated as Mr. Tyrrel. But flight he disdained. In the mean time the affair was of too serious a magnitude, the rumour unchecked seemed daily to increase in strength, and the magistrates were at length obliged to take some steps upon the subject. Without causing him to be apprehended, they sent to desire he would appear before them at one of their meetings. They investigated the particulars of the story. What could they do? The recentness of the quarrel, and the odious nature of the insult given by Mr. Tyrrel were notorious.

rious. Mr. Falkland had left the rooms immediately after his assailant; and, though he had been attended by one or two of the gentlemen to his inn, it appeared that he had left them upon some slight pretence as soon as he arrived at it, and, when they enquired for him of the waiters, they were given to understand that he had mounted his horse and rode home. In consideration of these particulars the magistrates concluded that they could not be justified but in committing Mr. Falkland to prison. His defence was manly, logical, and impressive. But, though they entertained the strongest presumption of his innocence, they conceived that they were obliged in their capacity to proceed upon the unfortunate circumstances that appeared against the accused, and commit him for his deliverance to a trial by his country. In all this Mr. Falkland was nearly passive. He seemed to fear by too direct an appeal to judicature to render
more

more precise an imputation the memory of which he deprecated, at the same time that he was sufficiently willing to meet the severest scrutiny, and, if he could not hope to have it forgotten that he had ever been accused, to prove in the most satisfactory manner that the accusation was unjust.

“ Never in this quarter of the island was a court more crowded with persons of the highest distinction than upon Mr. Falkland’s trial. Never was expectation wrought to a higher pitch, or the passions of men more profoundly interested. You seem never to have heard of this memorable transaction; and indeed that is little to be wondered at, since the good nature of the world is interested in suppressing it, and it is deemed a disgrace to a man to have held up his hand at a criminal bar, though acquitted with circumstances the most satisfactory and honourable. It may be supposed that
this ~

this suppression is particularly acceptable to Mr. Falkland; and I should not have acted in contradiction to his modes of thinking in communicating the story to you, had there not been circumstances of peculiar urgency that seemed to render the communication desirable.

“The facts adduced upon the trial were precisely those which had already been laid before the magistrates. By the nature of the case no particular facts could be stated in balance against these. As soon as the evidence for the crown had been gone through, Mr. Falkland immediately proceeded to his defence. Several copies of the trial were made, and Mr. Falkland seemed for a short time to have had the idea of sending it to the press. I have one of these copies in my possession, and I will read from it the speech of the accused, as it was taken down in court.”—Saying this, Mr. Collins

lins rose, and took it from a private drawer in his escritoire.

“ My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,

“ I stand here accused of a crime the most black that any human creature is capable of perpetrating. I am innocent. I have no fear that I shall fail to make every person in this court acknowledge my innocence. In the mean time what must be my feelings? Conscious as I am of deserving approbation and not censure, of having passed my life in acts of justice and philanthropy, can any thing be more deplorable than for me to stand here to answer a charge of murder? So wretched is my situation, that I cannot accept your gratuitous acquittal, if you should be disposed to bestow it. I must answer to an imputation, the very thought of which is ten thousand times worse than death. I must exert the whole

whole energy of my mind to prevent my being ranked with the vilest of men.

“ Gentlemen, this is a situation in which a man may be allowed to boast. Accursed situation! No man need envy me the vile and polluted triumph I am now to gain! I have called no witnesses to my character. Great God! what sort of a character is that which must be supported by witnesses? But, if I must speak, look round the court, ask of every one present, enquire of your own hearts! Not one word of reproach was ever whispered against my character. I do not hesitate to call upon those who have known me most to afford me the most honourable testimony.

“ My life has been spent in the keenest and most unintermitted sensibility to reputation. I am almost indifferent as to what shall be the event of this day. I would not open my mouth upon the occasion, if my life were
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the only thing that was at stake. It is not in the power of your verdict to restore to me my unblemished reputation, to obliterate the disgrace I have suffered, or to prevent it from being remembered that I have been brought to trial upon a charge of murder. Your verdict can never have the efficacy to prevent the miserable remains of my existence from being the most intolerable of all burthens.

“ I am accused of having committed murder upon the body of Barnabas Tyrrel. I would most joyfully have given every farthing I possess, and devoted myself to perpetual beggary, to have preserved his life. His life was precious to me, beyond that of all mankind. In my opinion the greatest injustice committed by his unknown assassin was that of defrauding me of my just revenge. I confess that I would have called him out to the field, and that our encounter

encounter should not have been terminated but by the death of one or both of us. This would have been a pitiful and inadequate compensation for his unparalleled insult, but it was all that remained.

“ I ask for no pity, but I must openly declare that never was any misfortune so horrible as mine. I would willingly have taken refuge from the recollection of that night in a voluntary death. Life was now stripped of all those recommendations for the sake of which it was dear to me. But even this consolation is denied me. I am compelled to drag for ever the intolerable load of existence, upon penalty, if at any period however remote I shake it off, of having that impatience regarded as confirming a charge of murder. Gentlemen, if by your verdict you could take away my life, without that act being connected with my disgrace, I would bless the cord
that

that suspended the breath of my existence for ever.

“ You all know how easily I might have fled from this purgation. If I had been guilty, should I not have embraced the opportunity ? But, as it was, I could not. Reputation has been the idol, the jewel of my life. I could never have borne to think that a human creature in the remotest part of the globe should believe that I was a criminal. Alas ! what a deity it is that I have chosen for my worship ! I have entailed upon myself everlasting agony and despair !

“ I have but one word to add. Gentlemen, I charge you to do me the imperfect justice that your office puts in your power ! My life is a worthless thing. But my honour, the paltry remains of honour I have now to boast, is in your judgment. It is little that you can do for me ; but it is not less your duty to do that little. May that God who is
the

the fountain of honour and good, prosper and protect you ! The man who now stands before you is devoted to perpetual barrenness and blast ! He has nothing to hope for beyond the feeble consolation of this day !”

“ You will easily imagine that Mr. Falkland was acquitted with every circumstance of honour. Nothing is more to be deplored in human institutions than that the forms of justice should thus subject a man, of whose innocence every one was convinced, to a species of purgation to which the ideas of mankind have annexed a sentiment of disgrace. Nobody entertained the shadow of a doubt upon the subject, and yet a mere incidental concurrence of circumstances made it necessary that the best of men should be publicly arraigned as if really under suspicion of an atrocious crime. It may be granted indeed that Mr. Falkland had his faults, but those very faults

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placed him at a still farther distance from the criminality in question. He was the fool of honour and fame; a man whom in the pursuit of reputation nothing could divert; who would have purchased the character of a true, gallant and undaunted hero at the expence of worlds, and who thought every calamity nominal but a stain upon his honour. How atrociously absurd to suppose any motive capable of inducing such a man to play the part of a lurking assassin? How unfeeling to oblige him to defend himself from such an imputation in a court of justice? Did any man, and least of all a man of the purest honour, ever pass in a moment from a life unstained by a single act of injury to the consummation of human depravity?

“When the verdict of the jury was given, a general murmur of applause and involuntary transport burst forth in the court. It was at first low, and gradually

dually became louder. As it was the expression of rapturous delight and an emotion disinterested and divine, so there was an indescribable something in the very sound that carried it home to the heart, and convinced every spectator that no personal pleasure ever existed that was not foolish and feeble in the comparison. Every one strove who should most express his esteem of the amiable accused. Mr. Falkland was no sooner withdrawn, than the gentlemen in the court crowded together to consult how they should most effectually express their congratulation. They immediately named a deputation to wait upon him for that purpose. The grand jury and the petty jury drew up an address of a similar nature. The very judges and counsel, though less acquainted with his personal character, were strongly impressed with the mute and universal testimony they witnessed in his favour, and zealously

concurred

concurred to assist the general sentiment. It was a sort of sympathetic feeling that took hold upon all ranks and degrees. The multitude received him with huzzas, they took his horses from his carriage, dragged him in triumph, and attended him many miles in his return to his own habitation. It seemed as if a public trial before a criminal judge, which had hitherto been considered in every event as a brand of disgrace, was converted in the present instance into an occasion of enthusiastic adoration and unexampled honour.

“ But nothing could reach the heart of Mr. Falkland. He was not insensible to the general kindness and exertions; but it was too evident that the melancholy that had taken hold of his mind was invincible.

“ It was only a few weeks after this memorable trial that the real murderer was discovered. Every part of this
story

story was extraordinary. The real murderer was Hawkins. He was found with his son under a feigned name at a village at about thirty miles distance, in want of all the necessaries of life. He had lived here from the period of his flight in so private a manner, that all the enquiries that had been set on foot by the benevolence of Mr. Falkland or the insatiable malice of Mr. Tyrrel had been insufficient to discover him. The first thing that had led to the detection was a parcel of clothes covered with blood that were found in a ditch, and which, when drawn out, were known by the people of the village to belong to this man. The murder of Mr. Tyrrel was not a circumstance that could be unknown, and suspicion was immediately roused. A diligent search being made, the rusty handle with part of the blade of a knife was found thrown in a corner of his lodging, which being applied to

a piece of the point of a knife that had been broken in the wound, appeared exactly to correspond. Upon farther enquiry two rustics, who had been accidentally on the spot, remembered to have seen Hawkins and his son in the town that very evening, and to have called after them, and received no answer, though they were sure of their persons. Upon this accumulated evidence both Hawkins and his son were tried, condemned and afterwards executed. In the interval between the sentence and execution Hawkins confessed his guilt with many marks of compunction; though there are persons by whom this is denied; but I have taken some pains to enquire into the fact, and am persuaded that their disbelief is precipitate and groundless.

“ The cruel injustice that this man had suffered from his village tyrant was

not forgotten upon the present occasion. It was by a strange fatality that the barbarous proceedings of Mr. Tyrrel seemed never to fall short of their completion; and even his death served eventually to consummate the ruin of a man he hated, a circumstance, which, if it could have come to his knowledge, would perhaps have in some measure consoled him for his untimely end. This poor Hawkins was surely entitled to some pity, since his being finally urged to desperation, and brought, together with his son, to an ignominious fate, was originally owing to the sturdiness of his virtue and independence. But the compassion of the public was in a great measure shut against him, as they thought it a piece of barbarous and unpardonable selfishness, that he had not rather come boldly forward to meet the consequences of his own conduct, than suffer a man of so much public worth as Mr. Falk-

land, and who had been so desirous of doing him good, to be tried for a murder that he had committed.

“ From this time to the present Mr. Falkland has been nearly such as you at present see him. Though it be several years since these transactions, the impression they made is for ever fresh in the mind of our unfortunate patron. From thenceforward his habits became totally different. He had before been fond of public scenes, and acting a part in the midst of the people among whom he immediately resided. He now made himself a rigid recluse. He had no associates, no friends. Inconsolable himself, he yet wished to treat others with kindness. There was a solemn sadness in his manner, attended with the most perfect gentleness and humanity. Every body respects him, for his benevolence is unalterable; but there is a stately coldness and reserve in his behaviour, which makes it difficult for
those

those about him to regard him with the familiarity of affection. These symptoms are uninterrupted, except at certain times when his sufferings become intolerable, and he displays the marks of a furious insanity. At those times his language is fearful and mysterious, and he seems to figure to himself by turns every sort of persecution and alarm which may be supposed to attend upon an accusation of murder. But, sensible of his own weakness, he is anxious at such times to withdraw into solitude; and his domestics in general know nothing of him but the uncommunicative and haughty, but mild dejection that accompanies every thing he does."

END OF VOL. I.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 31, line 2 from the bottom, *read* all the
statelines.

VOL. II.

Page 84, line 4 from the bottom, *read* seeking.

Page 208, line 7, *dele* suddenly.

VOL. III.

Page 88, line 2 from the bottom, *read* country.

